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A CAMEO OF ANACREON.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

A merry, leering face with arching brows
Crowned with the blood-red jewels of the vine;
Eyes, where the light of laughter holds carouse,
And lips, o'erdropping with the fragrant wine,—
Voila! It breathes of Teos and the Isles,
Of broad, fair vineyards where the light creeps down
To bathe Bathyllus in its sleepy smiles,
Or bronze the tendrils of his classic crown.

The nostril quivering, like the desert steed's,
The full, bright curve of the voluptuous lips,
The fallen grape which 'neath his instep bleeds,
And the light robe which from his shoulder slips,
All, pictured, rise, grow brilliant,—gush in song,
(Pure as the golden Tokay, mellow-grown,)
While fair Bacchantes, an aerial throng,
Wave their white arms and woo the measure on!

Voila! it pales—it flees,—as dream of old
Once paling, fled the Lady of Shalott;
Ionian vineyards, waving sands of gold,
The Grecian youth,—Bacchantes of the grot,
Fading, depart, in moonlit shadows, grand,
Pale, marble-mute, supremely statuesque,—
All that is tangible lies 'neath my hand,
This soulless Cameo, this face grotesque!

THE LADY LISLE.

CHAPTER IX.

BEECHER'S RIDE.

Five weeks had passed since the advent of the Major and his wife, and the morning had arrived upon which they were to take their departure from Lislewood Park. They were going back to Brighton for a week or two prior to returning to London, where they were to stay until the expiration of the Major's furlough. They were to travel in their own carriage, with their own horses and coachman, and with Mr. Salamons in the rumble. The morning was bright and autumnal, and Major and Mrs. Varney lounged on the terrace with their host and hostess, while the things were being packed in the carriage by the expert Mr. Salamons.

"Arthur," said the Major, "the high road winds under the hill you call 'Beecher's Ride,' doesn't it?"

"Under the hill, yes; but not under Beecher's Ride itself, that's on the further side."

"Then suppose you and I were to take a walk up there while Salamons packs those things. He'll be ever so long about it. Ada can wait for me in the high road. I shall see the carriage from the hill. I've a few parting words that I want to say to this dear Arthur."

The Major made his adieu to Mrs. Walsingham, flung a great Scotch plaid over his shoulder, and directed his wife where to meet him with the carriage.

At this moment the little Baronet galloped round from the stables on his thoroughbred pony.

"Papa, may I go with you?" he asked, eagerly.

Captain Walsingham hesitated, and looked at his friend.

"By all means, Sir Rupert," said the Major, "come along with us."

Major Varney stopped at the lodge to drop a sovereign into Gilbert Arnold's hand.

"Good day to you, friend," he said: "remember my advice, and take care of that boy of yours, if you don't want to get into trouble by-and-by."

"All right, sir," said the lodge-keeper, with a leer of low cunning in his eyes.

Once more the great iron gates closed with a loud, clanking noise upon the little master of Lislewood Park.

Child as he was, if he could had dreamed for a moment of that which lay before him upon the outer side of those splendid gates, surely the hollow clang of the closing lock would have sounded to him like the funeral knell of his bright young life.

They were nearly an hour walking up the winding road that led to the hills upon which Captain Walsingham had met Lady Lisle on the evening of his return to England. When they had reached the summit, the two men drew breath and looked about them.

The Major looked at Sir Rupert, and then glanced significantly at Captain Walsingham.

"Rupert, take your pony for a gallop on the hill side yonder. I want to talk to Major Varney."

The boy nodded, and, smacking his whip, trotted along the gentle slope out of hearing, but not out of sight.

"Now, what is it?" asked the Captain, digging his cane into the ground, and leaning heavily upon it. He seemed prepared for a long interview.

The Major flung open his loose over-coat, and began to play with the glistening ornaments hanging at his watch chain. Every hair of his yellow whiskers and moustaches, every one of his square, white teeth, shone in the autumnal sunlight—why?

"What is it?" said the Captain, impatiently. "Why have you dragged me up here? What have you to say this morning that you couldn't say last night?"

"Can't you guess?" asked the Major, with an agreeable smile.

"No."

"That is to say, you won't. Sly old fox. He is afraid to take the initiative, so I must. Arthur, dear child, I want more money."

"Oh, you're going over that ground again, are you? Then I tell you what I told you last night. I have no more, and it will be some time before I can procure any more. I've victimized my poor wife enough as it is, I'll not ask her for another farthing."

"Obstinate child!"

The Major plunged his hand into the pocket of his over-coat, took out a small bundle of letters, very neatly folded, endorsed in a delicate, feminine-looking handwriting, and tied with a sky-blue ribbon.

"Look at these letters. They look quite pretty, don't they? Shall I read them over to you? or do you remember the wording?"

The Captain turned away from him with a muttered oath.

Major Granville Varney, holding the little packet lightly in one ungloved hand, with the idle fingers of the other coquetted with the corners of the several documents. He peeped slyly into the folded papers, nodding his head and humming softly to himself, or sometimes stopping to chuckle over some passage which seemed to strike him as peculiarly amusing. The Captain watched him from under his black eyelashes with a gloomy and sinister glance.

"Arthur, dear child, unless I have five thousand pounds, before the end of this month, Mrs. Walsingham will receive this little packet upon the first of October. Amusing as the letters are, I fear she'll scarcely see the extent of their absurdity. She may take the matter seriously. You're very fond of her, Arthur. Stupidly fond; for, upon my word, her imbecility is occasionally wearisome; but, of course, some people like bolled chicken."

"Major Varney!"

"Impulsive child. Is it to be the five thousand pounds, or is the flaxen-haired lady to have these letters? Decide, quickly, dear boy, for I think we are going to have a shower."

"I tell you I can't get the money. As to your sending the letters, I am not afraid of that. You won't kill your golden goose. You know better than that. The infernal secret which you hold over me becomes valueless the hour it is told. You are not the man to tell it."

Major Varney bit his lips, and a certain crest-fallen look stole over his smiling face. For one brief moment he seemed, as it were, to *tarnish*; but he recovered himself instantly, and laughed gaily as he said—

"Arthur, you're such a sly fox, there's no getting over you. No, you're right. I don't want to tell the secret. I don't want to see poor Lady Lisle, or Mrs. Walsingham, or whatever else she may choose to call herself, break her heart, and tear her pretty flaxen hair. I don't want to see you kicked out of Lislewood Park, or sent to some unpleasant colony, where they might have the impertinence to ask you to pick oakum or break stones. No, no, my dear Arthur, what I want is to make things pleasant for all parties. Will you believe me, if I say I think that I have hit upon a method of doing so?"

"Perhaps."

"Good. Then, Arthur, listen to me. I am not one of those unlucky wretches to whom ready-money is of vital importance. Look down the hill yonder, you may see my travelling chariot and horse, my coachman, my valet. You may guess that I don't do all this out of a major's pay in the Company's Service. On the other hand, you can guess that I am not in immediate want of a five-pound note. I would rather have fifty thousand pounds ten years hence than I would have five thousand pounds to-day. Arthur Walsingham, what is the age of that boy yonder?"

Major Varney pointed, as he spoke, to Sir Rupert Lisle.

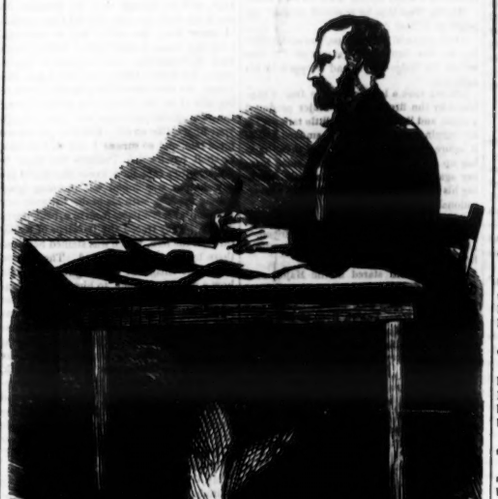
"What has that to do with us?" asked the Captain.

"Never mind that; but answer the question. How old is he?"

"He was seven last July."

"Seven years old. Very good. What would you say, Arthur, dear boy, if I were to tear these silly letters and that other little document into a thousand pieces, and not ask you for a farthing for fourteen years?"

The Captain looked up at him with a bewildered stare.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL ROSECRANS--IN COMMAND IN WESTERN VIRGINIA.

"What are you talking about?" he asked, impatiently.

Major Varney drew his arm through that of his friend, and leaning his disengaged hand on the Captain's shoulder, whispered, with his lips close to the ear of the other—whispered a few sentences which blanched the soldier's dark cheek, and made his knees knock together as if they would have given way under him.

There was a short pause, during which the Major watched the Captain's changing face.

"Will you do it?" he said at last, aloud.—"Or will you let me do it?"

"Scoundrel!" roared the Captain. "No, not to save myself from the gallows."

"Booby!" said Major Varney, "don't be violent. Not to save yourself from the gallows!" he repeated, scornfully. "Why, there's many a better man than you would do as much for a twenty-pound note. What is it? A little bit of legerdemain. 'Ladies and gentleman, you observe this shilling. Behold, I place it under this cup. Hocus-pocus, it is gone! Hi, presto, it has come back again!' and the juggler presents the coin to his astonished audience, who believe him to be the cleverest of men; while the truth is, my dear Arthur, that it is not the first shilling at all, but another exactly like it. Captain Walsingham, do you mean to stand in the way of our united fortunes? or will you help me in this?"

"No, I tell you."

"And if I do it without your assistance?"

"I will expose the villainous plot, at whatever disgrace to myself."

"Arthur, you are incorrigible! Is this your final decision?"

"It is."

"Very well, then," said the Major, shrugging his shoulders, "if that's the case, there's no help for it. Remember," he added, tapping the papers he held in his hand. "Look for no mercy from me. When men are blind fools to their own interests, they cannot expect wise people to suffer for their blindness and folly. So, call your stepson, Captain, I'll bid him good-bye and then hurry down the hill to the carriage. Poor Ada will be tired of waiting."

Captain Walsingham called to Sir Rupert, who came galloping up to the two officers.

"Sir Rupert," said the Major, "I want to bid you good-bye. I'm just going to turn my back upon Beecher's Ride. By-the-by, that reminds me that I have heard the people here-about talk a great deal of Beecher's Ride, but have never heard how the hill came by the name. Arthur, explain."

"Pshaw!" said the Captain, impatiently; "what do you want to know about Beecher's Ride?"

"Don't be discourteous, my Arthur, but explain."

They were standing upon the sharp ridge of the first and oldest of a long range of hills. They faced the steepest side, the slope of which was so abrupt, as to make it appear almost perpendicular.

"This side of the hill, that is to say, the descent at our feet, has been called Beecher's Ride," said the Captain, "because about fifty years ago, a Captain Beecher, a celebrated sportsman, rode down it upon his thoroughbred mare for a wager."

"Was he killed?" asked Major Varney.

"No, but the mare was."

The Major laughed.

"Poor fellow! Then he lost a valuable animal, if he won his wager. No one has ever ridden down since, have they?"

"I have never heard of any one having done so."

Sir Rupert Lisle had been listening attentively to this conversation.

"I should like to ride down there," he said, pointing to the descent.

The Captain had walked away from them, and had flung himself listlessly upon the short brown grass.

"I should very much like to do it," said the little Baronet, "and I think my pony could manage it, too."

"Nonsense, Baronet;" answered the Major, "you're not brave enough for that," he added, laughing. "You mayn't be such a coward as James Arnold, at the lodge; but I don't believe you're brave enough to gallop down Beecher's Hill. Upon my word, I don't believe you are."

There was a stubborn obstinacy in the Lisle blood, which had often led the sons of that house to do more desperate things than more courageous men had ever attempted. A dogged determination to do anything they were supposed not to be able to do, which is a quality that often effects more that reckless and dashing courage can achieve. Sir Rupert had the true Lisle nature—dull and unimpulsive, but intensely obstinate.

The Major, laughing, with his face towards the sun, was provokingly bright to look at.

"No, no, my little Baronet," he said, "you're not brave enough to try that; for you're too sensible not to know that it can't be done."

The boy's pale face flushed crimson.

"Can't it?" he screamed at the top of his shrill, treble voice. "Can't it be done, Major?"

He turned his pony's head, galloped once round the summit of the hill, and then, lashing the animal violently with his whip, flew over the narrow ridge and down the hill side.

The Major saw the flush on the boy's face fade away to a sickly white, in that one brief moment in which the pony turned over the descent. The Captain, aroused by the sound of the horses' hoofs, sprang to his feet, and rushed to the brow of the hill only in time to see the pony flying down the slippery grass into the valley below.

"He'll do it," said the Major, "without so much as a bruise."

"Devil, this is some of your work," cried the Captain.

The pony reached the bottom of the hill, the boy swaying backwards and forwards in his saddle, but keeping his seat, but in the impetus of the last rush, the animal lost his balance, and fell, rolling over his rider. From where the two men stood, the pony and the boy looked like one confused mass, which rolled over and over for a few moments, and then grew suddenly still.

"This way!" shouted the Captain, as he ran along a winding road, and then crossing a gentle slope, reached the valley into which the boy had ridden.

The Major followed him, and was the first to fall on his knees by the side of the pony and the child. Sir Rupert was lying under the animal. Major Varney untwisted the bridle, which had become entangled, and the pony staggered to its feet.

"No bones broken there, any how," he said. "Hold the reins, Arthur, while I look at the child."

Sir Rupert Lisle lay on his back, perfectly still, with his white face turned towards the sky. A few smears of blood about the forehead were the only traces of the injuries he had received.

"Thank God!" said the Captain, "he has only fainted from the shaking."

Major Granville Varney opened the boy's little coat, and laid one hand upon his heart. He turned very pale as he did so, and the light seemed to die out of his yellow whiskers and moustache.

"He is dead," he said, gravely. "Concussion of the brain."

"Pitiless devil!" cried the Captain, flinging away the bridle, and clutching Major Varney by the throat, "this is your doing."

The Major, still very pale, released himself from Arthur Walsingham's powerful grasp, and said, quietly,

"Arthur, be reasonable, and listen to me. I am as innocent of this as you are. When I proposed to you just now the scheme which I thought would make both our fortunes, I told you that not a finger should be laid upon that child. I meant what I said; but I was enraged by your folly, and amused myself by teasing the boy. What has happened came to pass through no agency of mine. It is one of the strange chances which baffle calculation. It *has* happened, and we can't undo it; but—" he sank his voice to almost a whisper—"we can turn it to our own use. Will you leave me to act as I please?"

Captain Walsingham clasped his hands over his terror-stricken face.

"I swore to protect this boy," said he, "and see how I have kept my oath!"

"Pshaw!" said the Major. "You are not responsible for it—I am not responsible for it. But the boy is dead all the same. If I conceal his death, and bring another heir, after a time, in his place—he is no worse off for it, your wife is no worse off for it, for the property is not hers—while both she and you are decidedly better off—for I shall never worry you with that precious little secret of mine again. The boy shall be buried with all care; and you have but to keep quiet, to live hereafter a quiet and happy life, and save your wife's heart from breaking in the bargain—that is, if it can break, which is doubtful. Do which ever you please, however: though of course I would rather you should be reasonable."

The Major took the plaid off his shoulders, and, unfolding it, spread it upon the trampled grass. He lifted the lifeless body of the boy, laid it upon the plaid, and covered his still white face with his cambric handkerchief.

"Arthur," he said, "keep watch here; if anybody should come this way, take care they don't see what has happened. I shan't be gone long. He took the pony by the bridle, and led it away along the narrow defile, and into some lanes and fields at a little distance. Heedless of his own varnished boots and light gray trowsers, he dragged the animal through clay and mire, till he came to a pool of stagnant water at the end of a muddy lane, a mile from the scene of the catastrophe, and about three miles from Lislewood Park. Into this pool he drove the pony, lashing it violently with his light riding whip, and flinging the bridle over its head. The animal splashed up to his neck through the water, and, scrambling up the muddy bank, galloped furiously away over some stubbled fields and into a stunted pine wood. The Major watched until the pony had quite disappeared, and then walked rapidly back to the spot where he had left Captain Walsingham and the child. He found the Captain seated by the side of the still, little figure, muffled in the thick plaid.

"I thought you were never coming back," he said, as the Major approached.

"Has any one been this way?"

"No one."

"Good. Now, Arthur, go home to the mother of this child, and tell her you have lost him no more, remember. You have lost him; he galloped away from you while you were talking to me, and you lost sight of him. The pony will find its way back to the stables." He lifted the lifeless little form in his arms, and walked a few paces towards the winding road, where the carriage was waiting for him.

"Arthur," he said, "run over to the carriage, and tell them to drive round here."

The Captain obeyed, and in a few minutes the wheels rolled softly over the short grass as the carriage came towards the Major. Mrs. Varney looked out of the window, lovely and radiant, in a bonnet of the palest pink.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

"Open the door, Salamons," said the Major.

"Do you mind sitting with your back to the horses, Ada?" he added, as the hook-nosed valet opened the door and let down the steps.

"Why?" she asked, wonderingly.

The Major did not answer her, but taking her by the wrist, drew her out of the carriage, and getting in himself, laid the muffled figure along the best seat. A magnificent leopard-skin, with which Mrs. Varney's feet had been covered, lay in a heap on the rug. He lifted this, and threw it over the plaid.

"What is the matter with the child?" asked Mrs. Varney, looking from the Captain to the Major; the white faces of the two men terrified her. "What has happened? Is he hurt?"

"Yes, seriously. I am taking him to Brighton. Jump in, Ada. Salamons, shut the door."

The Major and his wife seated themselves with their backs to the horses, and the carriage rolled away, leaving the Captain standing staring after it, with a ghastly face. "Claribel Lisle," he said, as he walked slowly homewards, "that old treachery of yours, which blighted my life years ago, is now recoiling upon yourself. Heaven help you, poor girl! Heaven help you, for I cannot! It is but a choice of evils, and I have chosen what I think the best—for both of us."

CHAPTER X.

MAJOR VARNEY'S FIRST MOVE.

Half an hour after Captain Walsingham had returned to Lislewood Park to tell his dismal story, every creature in the neighborhood knew that Sir Rupert Lisle was missing.

Every horse in Lislewood stables had been saddled, every male servant in the house and out of the house had been enlisted in the work that was to be done. They galloped along the wide high road,—they questioned the man at the turnpike, the country people coming from market—every creature they met, far or near. They flew through winding lanes, across stubbled fields, over the bare downs, and the great chain of hills which led away from Beecher's Ride; but they could obtain no tidings of the little boy on the dapple pony.

Claribel Walsingham was like a creature distraught. She wanted to go herself to seek for the boy, and she would have rushed out of the house, had not her husband caught her in his arms on the threshold. She accused and upbraided him in her mad anguish. "My son, my son!" she cried. "I trusted him to you, you swore to protect him. You should never have lived to tell me that my child is lost." This woman, usually so languid and unimpressionable, was terrible in her loud agony. She paced up and down the luxurious rooms, lamenting her missing child in a paroxysm of despair. The Captain had no power to comfort her. He hurried out of the house, and rushed to the gates to wait for the return of the men from the search that he knew must be ineffectual. He found Gilbert Arnold at his old post in the doorway of the lodge. The poacher's boy was standing at the garden gate. Captain Walsingham started at the sight of his pale flaxen hair, and fair sickly face, as if he had seen a ghost. He thought of the motionless little figure wrapped in a Scotch plaid, and lying on the stunted grass at the bottom of Beecher's Ride. He thought of that other flaxen hair, on which no mother's caressing hand would ever rest again.

"Why are you not with the men who have gone to look for Sir Rupert?" he asked of the skulking lodge-keeper.

"Because there was plenty to look without me," Gilbert answered, sullenly. "I've enough to do to look after my own boy. He'll be lost, or stolen, or murdered, perhaps, next," he added, with an insolent grin.

The Indian officer sprang towards the gate, as if he would have struck Gilbert Arnold; but the boy, who stood in his way, began to cry.

"Hold your tongue, you white-livered little rascal," growled his father. "*He's* not going to strike me."

Captain Walsingham saw that the man had been drinking. Gilbert plunged his great, coarse hands into the pockets of his threadbare shooting-jacket, and jingled the change out of the sovereign given to him by Major Varney. The Captain looked at him searchingly.

"Has he had his lesson already?" he thought. "Does he know the part he will have to play in the infernal plot?"

It was dark when the men came home to

tell of their fruitless search; but before they returned, the pony, dripping wet, and covered with clay, had galloped back to his stable. There was no doubt of what had happened. The boy had been drowned.

But how and where?

Claribel Walsingham asked neither of these questions. She heard the story of the pony's return, and fell stricken to the earth, in happy unconsciousness of what was passing around her. With the first gleam of returning light, the dogs were busy in every pool and stream in the vicinity of Lislewood Park; but all search was vain; the day wore out, and the body of Sir Rupert had not been found. Great placards were pasted in the village street, at regular intervals along the whole extent of the park fences, on the turnpike gates, in every village round about Lislewood,—setting forth, in letters a foot deep, how five hundred pounds reward would be given to any person or persons who should lead to the discovery of the body of Sir Rupert Lisle, Bart.

Every pool and streamlet had been dragged. Where, then, could the boy have been drowned?

Men looked at each other gravely, as this question was asked. Little groups of people congregated at the doors of the inns and beer shops in Lislewood, and their talk was entirely of the pretty little Baronet, who had so strangely disappeared.

He had left the park with his stepfather and his stepfather's friend. People had met the little party on the high road, the Captain leading Sir Rupert's pony by the bridle, and the boy had never afterwards been seen by mortal eyes. Captain Walsingham's account of his disappearance was sufficiently straightforward. He had gone down the hill to accompany the Major to his carriage, and had left the child riding his pony about the sum mit. On re-ascending the hill, after an absence of little more than a quarter of an hour, he had searched for the boy in vain. The stepfather could have had no motive for conspiring against the life or safety of this helpless child. The Lislewood property, over which, had his stepson lived, the Captain might have had some control, would now go to a stranger. There was no clue to the mystery of the boy's disappearance. If he had been stolen by any wretches prowling about the neighborhood, they would have stolen his pony too. He had been drowned, then, undoubtedly. But where?

A narrow river ran through a valley about five miles' distance from Lislewood Park.—The boy must have crossed the hills, galloped down to the river, and been drowned in trying to ford it. What could have taken him in that direction, so far from the spot where the Captain had left him? A child's whim, perhaps. His nurse remembered that he had spoken once of this river, and had said it was so shallow his pony could cross it easily.

The river was dragged without result. The tide had carried the little corpse down to the sea. The wretched mother would never again behold her fair-haired boy.

There was mourning in the splendid mansion of Lislewood. The violence of Claribel Walsingham's grief place to a quiet sorrow, which knew no change or abatement. Every vestige of color left her wan cheeks, every gleam of light died out of her blue eyes. She was never seen to weep, but she was never seen to smile. She only spoke when spoken to. She took no interest in anything that ever. Had the house been in flames, she would scarcely have left it of her own accord. She sat all day in her darkened room, refusing to see any one but her husband and her confidential maid.

The Captain seldom entered that chamber of desolation; he rode out of the gates every morning, and returned at dusk, to sit smoking in the library, from dinner time till eleven or twelve o'clock at night. The servants whispered among themselves that Captain Walsingham had taken to drinking more than was good for him, and that his wife's grief and the loss of his little stepson were preying upon his mind. He had never been celebrated for his high spirits since his return from India; but the silent gloom of his manner increased after the disappearance of the boy. Sir Launcelot Lisle, the new Baronet, wrote from Florence to entreat his late kinsman's widow to retain possession of the mansion and park of Lislewood. His solicitor would manage matters for him, he said; he had no wish to exchange the hills of Florence for the bleak Sussex downs. Mrs. Walsingham was welcome to occupy Lislewood Park for the term of her natural life, and she would confer a favor upon him by so doing.

The snow lay thick in the avenues of the park, and hung in white masses upon the leafless branches of the oaks, before the excitement caused by Mrs. Walsingham's bereavement had in any degree subsided.—Every mother in the village of Lislewood had wept for the sorrows of the great lady, whom they could remember long before her first marriage. The simple villagers clasped their little ones closer in their encircling arms, and thanked God that they were not so afflicted. They remembered how often, as the Lislewood carriage dashed through the village, they had envied the fair-haired lady, dressed in costly silks and velvets, with her pretty boy by her side; and now, who among them would exchange lots with her? They shuddered, as they heard, from some gossiping servant, of the desolation that reigned in the gorgeous rooms; of the Captain, sitting smoking and drinking by his lonely fireside, till the dead of the night; of the silent lady, lying in her darkened rooms, weary of the world in which her portion had been so fair an one, and praying for the death which would restore her to her child. Among others, Rachel Arnold was sorry for the lady at the great house.

Seated, one snowy night in January, by the narrow fireplace in her little parlor, she ventured to say as much in the presence of her husband.

"What's that?" muttered Gilbert Arnold, taking his pipe out of his mouth, and looking at her savagely from under his thick eyebrows. "What's that you're mumbling there?"

"I said I was thinking of the poor lady up yonder, Gilbert. I've just been up stairs, looking at little James; and when I see him lying safe in his cot, it always makes me think of poor Sir Rupert, somehow.

"The boys was alike," said Gilbert, thoughtfully, looking at the handful of red coals in the little grate, and emptying the bowl of his pipe upon the iron bar. "Lord love you! I like to hear 'em talk about blood, and family, and all such muck as that! My boy's every bit as good-looking as ever Sir Rupert Lisle was, and better-looking too."

"When I was quite a girl, Gilbert," said the wife, blushing, faintly, as she spoke, "I was counted rather like Miss Merton, by some of our folks."

Mr. Gilbert Arnold was by no means overburdened with gallantry. He stared at his wife, with an unpleasant grin for a few moments, and then laughed aloud.

"Was you?" he said. "Then I never see it, for one; and if you ever was, you ain't now, I can tell you that, for your comfort."—He carefully refilled and lighted his pipe, put his awkwardly shod feet upon the hob, and recommenced smoking. He did not appear in the least aware that he was conducting himself otherwise than in the most agreeable manner.

"Hard work has taken the beauty out of me, Gilbert," said his wife.

"If there ever was any to take," he growled, under his breath.

"But my hair was light, and my eyes were blue, like my lady's."

"Oh, yes!" said Mr. Arnold, quite cheerfully; "as far as that goes, your hair's the sort as looks as if the color had all been washed out of it, and your eyes is the sort that looks as if they'd been took out of your head and boiled, by way of improving of 'em, only it didn't answer. You're like my lady, so far," he said, with a laugh.

"Poor, dear soul! I'm very sorry for her," Rachel murmured, thoughtfully.

"Now, you just look here, said Mr. Gilbert Arnold, taking his pipe out of his mouth, and striking his fist on the little table at his side, till a jug and a horn measure at his elbow jingled against each other, as if they would break. "I ain't going to have none of that; no snivelling for *her*; no moaning, and complaining, and pitying, and whimpering about her. She's got a fine house, hasn't she? Let that satisfy her. She's got a carriage to ride in, and good clothes to wear, and soft bed to lie upon, and rich food to eat, and strong wine to drink, and money to spend,—ain't she? Then let that satisfy her! *She's* never been fed on prison gruel,—has she? She's never had her bit of bread doled out to her by the ounce weight. She's never crouched under a hedge, for six or seven mortal hours, of a cold winter's night, to snare a hare, what she'd not get over three shillings for the next morning. She's not afraid to go six miles from her home, for fear of being took up, and accused of something as she never did, or as nobody can prove she ever did. Let that satisfy her, then! And if her boy's drowned, he's drowned. Others have had to bear such things, and she must bear it. She's had her share of the good things, let her take her allowance of the bad."

The cold wind and the falling snow came rushing into the little room, with the sound of two soft hands struck one upon the other, in gentle applause.

"What's that?"

Gilbert Arnold started to his feet, with a wild look of alarm in his yellow-green eyes, and turned round towards the door behind him.

A tall man, wrapped in a shabby loose coat, with a gay, parti-colored cashmere shawl, in which yellow was the predominating hue, muffled round his throat, stood within the open door. He wore his hat so slouched over his eyes, and his neck handkerchief so close up to his nose, that nothing was to be seen of his face, but this latter organ, which was a strongly-marked aquiline.

Gilbert Arnold trembled like a leaf. He caught the top rail of the chair in which he had been sitting, and clung to it for support, but it gave way under his weight, and he kicked it from him, with an oath.

"What is it? What do you want me for?" he said. He glanced furtively, as he spoke, in the direction of the little staircase, leading to the two small bedrooms of the top story, rather as if he would have made an attempt to escape from this strange visitor by rushing up the stairs.

The stranger laughed aloud,—a clear, ringing, silvery, joyous laugh, which Gilbert Arnold had heard before. He took off his hat, shook the snow on to the sanded boards, and closed the door behind him. He threw off his great coat, seated himself by the little fire, put his wet boots upon the fender, ran his hands through his glistening, golden hair, and then sat thoughtfully twirling his long, yellow moustaches, and looking at Gilbert Arnold with a pleasant smile. The lodge-keeper made a shambling, half-apologetic bow.

"Major ——" he said, hesitating for the name.

"Granville Varney. Precisely. It appears that you have very few visitors here, my worthy friend, from the extraordinary effect my coming produced upon you."

Gilbert Arnold's face flushed crimson. He looked at the little Dutch clock ticking in a corner.

"Why, it's rather late," he muttered.

"Ah, to be sure. Half-past eleven. It is late. I left London by the nine o'clock express, on purpose to have a chat with you, Arnold. It's a long way from the station, but as I didn't want any of your gossips to know of my visit, I came here on foot; that's why I'm late. Now, then, to business. You thought I should come, didn't you?"

The lodge-keeper rubbed his blue chin with one hand, and hesitated.

"Why," he said, "I—"

"You expected to see me, of course. I knew you would."

Rachel Arnold looked from her husband to the Major in utter bewilderment.

"Go to bed," said Gilbert. "We don't want none of your prying nor listening; go to bed."

"Don't be discourteous to your amiable wife, my worthy friend," said the Major, smiling sweetly, and exhibiting his two rows of flashing ivory to the astonished Rachel.—"What our good Arnold would say, ma'am," he added, "is merely this. As we are about to have a little serious conversation, of a strictly confidential character, and as the hour is by no means early, he would recommend your retiring to rest. He is an excellent fellow, but he has his own way of putting things, and it isn't always a pleasant way. Good night."

The Major waved his ringed white hand, and seemed to wave Mrs. Arnold out of the little sitting-room. She crept up stairs, and threw herself, dressed as she was, upon the bed.

The staircase was shut in by a door opening upon the sitting-room. This door Major Granville Varney locked with his own hand.

Having done this, he re-seated himself opposite to Gilbert Arnold.

"Get yourself a fresh pipe," he said, pointing to the broken fragments of the one which the lodge-keeper had dropped in his agitation.

Gilbert took a long clay pipe from a cupboard by the fireplace; the Major produced a cigar, and lighted it at the little tallow candle burning on the table. He smoked half of it before he uttered a word; and then, looking up at the lodge-keeper, who stood leaning against the mantelpiece, intently watching his visitor, he said, in a polite and conversational tone—

"You were frightened just now, when I dropped upon you so suddenly, my friend.—Did you think that they—you know who—had found you at last?"

Gilbert Arnold stared at the Major, as if that smiling, yellow-whiskered individual had been a ghost.

"Let me see. You've lived at this place seven years and more; two years before that you were in Winchester goal; and a year before that, you were at Sevenoaks, in the county of Kent.

The clay pipe dropped out of the lodge-keeper's hand, and shivered into a dozen pieces upon the hearthstone.

"There goes another halfpenny," said the Major, playfully. "My worthy friend, you're quite nervous."

"No man of my name was ever at Sevenoaks," muttered Gilbert, looking into the coals, and studiously avoiding the steely blue eyes of the Major.

"No man of your name, very likely, my excellent friend; but you see some men have so many names. Suppose we drop you for the present, and talk of somebody else. Suppose we talk of Josiah Bird."

The lodge-keeper dropped into his chair as if he had been shot. He dragged the noose-like wisp of handkerchief from about his throat, and wiped the cold perspiration from his low forehead with the open palm of his sunburnt hand.

"You don't care about hearing of Josiah Bird? My worthy friend, I dislike giving pain to any one, but I can't get on very well without talking of this man Bird." He took a small memorandum-book from his pocket. It was covered with yellow morocco, and glistened with gilt clasps. He selected a tiny pencil from the bunch of ornaments hanging to his watch chain, unclasped the book, and turning over the leaves till he came to the place he wanted, dotted his pencil upon it, and said, with deliberation: "As I have an idea, my worthy Arnold, that you are an extremely clever fellow, I shall be thoroughly candid in all my dealings with you. I believe that you can be useful to me, or I should not be here. If I thought you a fool, I should make use of you, without telling you that I was doing so. As I do not think you a fool, I fancy that you will be likely to serve me all the better, if I let you into some of the secrets of my policy. Gilbert Arnold, I never committed a punishable offence in my life."

The Major leaned back in his chair and laughed aloud, as if this fact had been the most excellent joke.

"No," he said, "I am an officer in the East India Company's service. I have only a Major's pay. No one ever left me a farthing; I am never in debt; and I live at the rate of a couple of thousand a year. I never in my life have placed myself in the power of the law; I never in my life have, by any one action, endangered my own liberty, or run the risk of being dressed in prison clothes, and fed on prison fare; but I know more of other people's crimes than any man living, except the members of the detective police. You may ask why I cultivate this class of information? I shall merely tell you that it is a study I have a fancy for, and that, on the whole, I find it useful. When I want a man, I don't bribe him, I don't cajole him, I don't threaten him. When I want a man, I learn his history! I wanted you, and I learned yours."

There was a gun in a corner of the room, behind the Major's chair. Gilbert Arnold's eyes glanced involuntarily in that direction. Rapid as the glance was, Major Granville Varney saw it, and, wheeling his chair round, followed Gilbert's eyes.

"Don't think of that, my good friend. Wait a few minutes, and you will see that I am here for our mutual interest. Now, then, to return to Josiah Bird. Well, go back to ten or eleven years ago. Ten or eleven years ago, you were a very fine, stalwart young man, unfortunately only too well known in this neighborhood as Gil, the poacher, and ultimately compelled, by too free a use of wire snares, to disappear from the county of Sussex, after having made a brief sojourn in Lewes goal."

"It was only a hare and a couple of pheasants," muttered the lodge keeper, apologetically.

"No, on that occasion only a hare and a brace of pheasants. There was something said about pointing a gun at the gamekeeper who took you in custody; but I daresay that was only people's malice. Well, after a couple of months at Lewes, Gil the poacher disappeared, and the landed gentlemen round Lislewood congratulated themselves on his departure. So far, so good! We come now to Josiah Bird."

"I 'don't know who you're talking of, nor what you're talking of," said Gilbert, savagely, with the same involuntary glance over the Major's shoulder towards the weapon in the corner behind that officer's chair.

"Don't you, really, my good friend? What a silly hankering you have after that gun! Favor me with your attention for ten minutes, and you'll see how foolish you have been.—Now, in the neighborhood of Sevenoaks, Kent, there are several extensive preserves. One amongst others afforded a rich field to the poacher. In the autumn of the year '35, that is to say, ten years ago, the game disappeared off this particular estate, to an extent that aroused the indignation of the owner and his gamekeepers. One of these men, a resolute, stalwart fellow, of some six feet high, told his master that he thought he could hit upon the man who did the mischief. 'I know him,' he said; 'he's a sneaking, crawling, mean-spirited hound, called Josiah Bird. He's been seen hawking game in Sevenoaks. I'd forgive him, if he used a gun, like a man, for then there'd be a chance of catching him at it; but he crawls about, snaring the game under your nose, and slips through your fingers like an eel. But I've got my eye upon him, and so sure as I get hold of him, he shall pay for it.' Perhaps this came to Josiah Bird's ears, for a week afterwards the gamekeeper was found one morning lying among the fern, with his brains battered out. His gun lay a few paces from him, bent nearly double. They traced the footsteps of a man through the fern, which was stained here and there by great drops of blood. The surgeon of a little village in the neighborhood told how a man had come to him before it was light, to ask him to dress a gunshot wound under his knee; a wound that might lame him, but that would, at any rate, leave a scar that would last him his life. This man was Josiah Bird. The woman at the turnpike saw him limp through the gate at daybreak, and heard him beg a lift from a wagoner going to London. Before noon the hue and cry was raised, but from that day to this the Sevenoaks constabulary have never been able to get hold of Josiah Bird. I'm afraid if ever they do, it will go hard with him, poor devil!" said the Major, laughing.

Mr. Gilbert Arnold, sitting in a crouching attitude, made as if he would have slid to the ground. The Major, with the benevolent intention of preventing his fall, clasped him suddenly by the right leg, and turning up his loose trowser by a rapid movement, seized the candle, and held it close to the under part of his knee.

"Egad!" said the Indian officer, "it's a gun shot wound, and uncommonly like Josiah Bird's. I thought you had a weakness in your legs, my good Arnold."

My good Arnold pulled the leg of his trowsers down, with a savage scowl.

"Now, my worthy friend," said the Major, rising, and wrapping the bright cashmere shawl about his throat, "I think we begin to understand each other. If I hadn't wanted you, I should not have come down here by the nine o'clock express, to tell you that story of Josiah Bird. I've very little more to say.

Here is a ten pound note, which will pay the expenses of your journey to London, with your wife and child. You will tell the people hereabouts that you are going to America. Here is the address of a house to which you will go on arriving in London. At that house you will wait till it suits me to give you further directions. Those directions you will receive either through me or my servant, Salamons. Most likely through Salamons. As a rule, I wash my hands of all this. I have a clear conscience, and I never committed a punishable offence in my life. If you were put in a witness-box to-morrow, all you could say would be, that I ran down to Sussex one night, to tell you about Josiah Bird. A jury would only think me eccentric. My coat, if you please." The Major put on his coat, wrapped himself carefully in an immense railway rug, which he wore over his thick greatcoat, drew the cashmere shawl up to his nose, pulled his hat over his eyes, and strode out of the cottage.

The lodge-keeper watched him, as he struck into a by-path, knee-deep in snow, that led to a little wicket gate into the high road.

"Curse you," muttered he, apostrophizing the receding figure of the stalwart officer. "Curse you! how did you find that out, I wonder? After ten years—after ten mortal, slow, miserable, beggarly years, to be blown at last, and to be your lacquey, your football, the doormat for you to wipe your dirty boots upon for the rest of my days. Curse you!"

He sprang across the little room, and, clutching the gun, darted out into the snowy avenue. "I've a good mind to follow him; I've a good mind," he said; "but if I did it, I mightn't be able to get away this time so easy."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ Do not allow a child to be perpetually attending to his bodily sensations; or, at any rate, do not allow him to be perpetually making remarks about them—the niceness of this dish, the ugliness of that object, that the day is too hot, the walk too long, &c. With proper care you may increase his hardihood, without endangering his health. Something may be done by direct discipline; but more by making endurance a point of honor with children, otherwise they will indemnify themselves at the first opportunity.

☞ Four Good Rules.—1. Do all the good you can; 2. In all the ways you can; 3. To all the people you can; 4. Just as long as you can.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1861

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COMPARATIVE PATRIOTISM.

We publish this week a communication from Illinois which asks the important question, "IS THE EAST DOING ITS DUTY?"

It will be seen that the taunts of certain Western presses—and more particularly of the *Chicago Tribune*—have stung the natives of Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, and other Atlantic states, more than a little, and they naturally turn to their friends in the East, and ask the question, Men and brethren, are these things so?

The *Chicago Tribune*, it must be confessed, is not the most discreet and generous of papers, even granting that what it says were strictly true. Here is a sample of some of its recent talk, which we regret to see copied in more than one Western journal:—

We tell the laggards of the Atlantic seaboard that it is time for them to bestir themselves. They have now got from us of the Northwest nine regiments from Michigan, six from Wisconsin, and one under orders from Minnesota, six from Indiana, and more from here are required and will soon be on their way; and now from Illinois, in addition to Turchin's and Hecker's infantry—the 19th and 24th—three regiments of cavalry, Farnsworth's, Brackett's and Dickey's, are commanded to go—a total of 30,000, to say nothing of the Indiana and Ohio men under Gen. Rosecrans doing good service in Western Virginia. Yet the hard fighting is to be in the valley of the Mississippi!

The West will demand, not for the purpose of compelling her sons to their duty, but for securing to the army of the East the services of cowardly or unpatriotic New England, New York and Pennsylvania, that the work of drafting be at once begun. But in this heavy draft made upon us in the face of imminent danger, there is this consolation. With our brave boys in the van of McClellan's army, there will be no more such pitiable exhibitions as we saw at Great Bethel and Bull Run. They will teach your Fire Zouaves and such like cattle the art of war. But if for nothing else let the East be subjected to draft for men to carry our men's luggage and to serve as cooks in camp.

If the *Chicago Tribune* has such words for its friends, how does it talk to its enemies? Or does it belong to that class of papers which keep their bitterness and abuse for those who in the main agree with them, and are scrupulously gentle and courteous to their opponents? If the editor of the *Tribune* were a rank secessionist, and wished to divide the Union not only into two but into half-a-dozen portions, he could pursue no better policy than to encourage the growth of such an unbrotherly spirit as his article manifests.

But such aspersions are too unreasonable to create anger in sensible minds. Who are the people of the West? They are to a great degree the sons and daughters of the East. Bring forth your bravest Western regiments—question them as to their birthplaces—and probably not one-fourth of them would say they were born in the states with which their valor was credited. The West has been peopled mainly from the East. The Atlantic states have sent forth many of their most daring and adventurous sons to build up new states in the West—these *ought* to be superior to the bulk of those that remain behind, for they are, to a considerable degree, picked men, those whom nature has endowed with more than the usual degree of courage and energy.

But shall the sons of the East, in their grand Western home, throw back taunts and jeers upon the brothers and fathers they have left behind them? Rather would it become them, even could a charge of cowardice be justly laid at the doors of their old home steads, to

"Walk backward, with averted face,
And hide the shame,"

And we are convinced that such is the feeling of the great majority of the Western people—and that taunts like those of the *Chicago Tribune* please only the silly and the thoughtless.

And now as to the charges themselves. We confess that we find it very difficult to say exactly how many troops *any* of the states have in the field. It has been the policy of the Government ever since the repulse at Manassas, to envelope this matter in doubt and obscurity. If the Northern public knew how many regiments of one thousand men each state had furnished, it would not be very difficult to arrive at a tolerably clear idea of the number of troops on the Potomac and in other places. But if the Northern public knew these facts, the Southern public—and especially the secession leaders at Richmond—would know them three days, perhaps one day, afterwards.

As to Pennsylvania, it is averred on good authority, that the Secretary of War recently informed a committee from this city, who went to Washington on business relative to our defences, that this state *had a larger number of men in the field than any other.* Our own opinion, based upon the best information we have at present, is that Pennsylvania has at least 50,000—perhaps 60,000 men—now in the field; and that enough regiments are in process of formation to fill out her quota of 75,000. But we are not able to say authoritatively that such is the case. We shall be greatly disappointed, however, if the official records, if they are allowed to be opened, do not prove that our estimate is correct.

As to Philadelphia, it is stated that she has now in the field, "according to the records of the war department," 211 companies, amounting to about 21,000 men. If this be true, it is considerably over our city's quota of the half-million. We suppose, of course, that this enumeration includes the companies in Baker's and Sickles' brigades, the "Kentucky" Cavalry, &c.

As to Massachusetts, we observe that Senator Wilson has assumed the command as colonel of her *twenty-second* regiment, and that Lieut. Chambers has been appointed adjutant of her *twenty-third*. Her quota is about 30,000.

It must be remembered that in the old states, the proportion of adult males to the population is probably not so great as in the new. We have not the last census before us, but we infer that the proportion of women and children is greatest in the East.

As to the prowess of the Western troops, we have full faith in it—as also in their ability to carry their own luggage, and do their own cooking. Of the prowess of the Pennsylvania regiments we prefer not to speak until the war is nearer a conclusion. The best troops are liable to panics—and the disgrace of a panic is doubly hard to bear when it comes after considerable boasting. We hope that the troops of Pennsylvania will go where any other troops dare to go, and stand where any others dare to stand.

Emulation between the states—the noble rivalry for the high guerdon of honor—is not to be deprecated. It may lead to deeds of greater daring and endurance than we should otherwise see. But emulation should not be allowed to degenerate into boasting and into taunting. If Illinois furnishes more and better troops than her sisters—It will be a feather in her cap for the next century. Her children and children's children will feel a noble pride in their mother state.

As to the defence of Washington, we do not understand why men have been drawn from the Mississippi for that purpose, who would seem to be needed at home. But if a mistake has been made in this respect, is not a Western, an Illinois President, responsible for it? The Administration have the whole field in view—they have the right to draft men if they are not volunteering in sufficient numbers, of which they alone can judge—the President has the power and the knowledge, and with him is the responsibility.

For our own part, we judge from certain indications, that there has been so far less difficulty in getting the men, than in clothing and arming them. Perhaps this is one reason why drafting has been considered inexpedient. Certain we are that Pennsylvania is ready, at any time, for any step that may be necessary. She means to do her full share of the work, and bear her full share of the burden. She may be a little slow at times—though we hope she is not in this case—but fast or slow, we trust she is sure. Brothers of the West, give us your hands; and let us go forward in our great work, without little bickerings, and looking so earnestly towards the front, to see who is foremost in the great race of honor, that we have no eyes to see who lags feebly or ignobly behind.

GENERAL FREMONT.

The assertions of the Washington correspondents of the daily papers that Fremont was to be removed, and that he had been removed, seem to be entirely without foundation. In the meantime they must have had considerable effect in crippling his efforts. It seems to us that there are a certain class of men who are afraid of two things—First, that Fremont should be defeated; and, Secondly, that he should be victorious. As we heard one gentleman express himself—"He hoped Fremont would be victorious, and then shot." Well, if Fremont be the right man in the right place, he will neither be defeated nor shot—we have faith in Providence to believe that. It is hard shooting or defeating a man if the Higher Powers do not mean that it shall be done. While if they do, it is all right. We have no thought for Fremont, beyond the good of the country—and if he is the

man he ought to be, he has no such thought either.

The best thing we can say for Fremont, in the face of the charges made against him, is that the great majority of the people of the West seem to sustain him. As to his competency or incompetency, that probably will be proved one way or the other, before many weeks. As to the defences made for him by his friends relative to the charges of extravagance and exclusiveness, at this distance they read well. It is evident Fremont has had no light task on his shoulders, and that which must be done hurriedly can seldom be done either very politely or very economically. Some men will be offended if you jostle them running to a fire, or do not remove the furniture from the burning house in the most careful and methodical manner. But sensible men always make allowances for the exigencies of the moment, and will say in this case, give Fremont fair play and justice; then if he fails, after a fair trial, put another in his place.

WASHINGTON.

A Washington correspondent of a contemporary says:—

A Cabinet member was complaining the other day of Fremont, to Mr. Potter, of Wisconsin—the Potter of Pryor(and bowie knife) renown. Said the Cabinet member: "What has Fremont been about? He has been fitting out troops and moving troops for the last three weeks—but why has he not been fighting?" "Let me ask *you* a question," said the blunt Wisconsin man. "What have *you* been doing in this vicinity? You were fitting out and massing troops all the early summer, and fought the glorious Bull Run battle. Since then you have been moving troops, and moving troops. You even drew away from Fremont's scanty army some of his best regiments—*now please tell me what have you done?*" The Cabinet officer could not reply a word—not a single word.

That is very well put at this time—and may teach some of the Washington and New York assailants of Fremont, a little caution and charity.

We perceive by a recent order of Gen. McClellan's naming the various forts around Washington, that there are now no less than forty-two of these forts; and, if the letter writers may be believed, the troops are engaged in throwing up others. The idea seems to be to make Washington perfectly impregnable. It is difficult for people at a distance to realize the necessity of all this fort building, and of the apparent inactivity of the large force which must now be concentrated on the Potomac; but we are glad to see a general disposition to acquiesce cheerfully in everything that is done, and is not done, by those to whom the direction of affairs has been entrusted.

In war as in peace, as much is sometimes gained by inaction as by action. And the time is doubtless drawing near when even the cautious Scott himself will say, we must now strike. Let us trust that when the blow is struck, it will prove that the long delay which the country has so patiently and cheerfully acquiesced in, was but to accumulate the electricity in order that the lightning of war might descend in one terrible flash to the very centre and core of the rebellion.

MISSOURI.

The recent news from Missouri is rather favorable. Price had evacuated Lexington—and it is rumored that a detachment of his army which had crossed the Missouri river, had been driven back by Gen. Sturgis in confusion.

Sedalia, which is the extreme western limit of the Pacific railroad, lies almost directly west of St. Louis and Jefferson City, and south of Lexington. This place is now occupied by the advance of Fremont under Sigel, and would appear to separate Price from his secession friends in Arkansas. Price at the last advices was retreating westward, towards the Kansas line, from which he is not very distant. It is to be hoped that he will be placed in such a position, that if defeated his army will be unable to hold together. Still war is a very uncertain game, and it is best not to expect too much, for we thus avoid the risk of disappointment. In a list of the rebel leaders who are with Price, we see all the principal names, including Hardee, with the exception of McCulloch. This would seem to show that all the rebel forces had been united, for recent advices would indicate that McCulloch was in Arkansas, raising a new force for Missouri. The contest may be decided, however, before he has time to bring his reinforcements upon the scene of action.

WESTERN VIRGINIA.

In Western Virginia we seem to be almost uniformly successful. A rebel force at Chapmansville was recently routed—one hundred being killed, and a large number made prisoners—by a detachment of Kentucky, Ohio, and Virginia volunteers under Col. Hyatt and Lieut. Col. Engart; and all our divisions seem to more than hold their own against Lee, Floyd and Wise. The whole secret of the matter appears to be that the contending forces in Western Virginia are pretty fairly matched as to numbers, though we by no means wish to detract from the merits of the Union troops and their commanders. So far, wherever there has been anything like a fair fight, we have been victorious.

A FOOLISH REPORT.—The *London Times*, which seems to take to a lie as naturally as a duck to water, devotes a whole column to a ridiculous report that the President has asked Garibaldi to accept the post of Commander-in-Chief of the United States army. The *Times* manifests as much ignorance of the history of the present as of the past.

LOYAL SOUTHERN OFFICERS IN THE NAVY.—We perceive by the new Navy Register, that of 390 Captains, Commanders and Lieutenants in the Navy, 153 were appointed from the Southern states, and are loyal men. This is a full proportion of Southern officers, according to the relative populations.

THE RUINS OF PÆSTUM.

The lovers of pretty things, and those who are curious in art, should not neglect to visit Messrs. Bailey & Co.'s, Chestnut St. above Eighth, while this fine specimen of Mosaic is on exhibition there. Without having had an opportunity of comparing this with the celebrated specimens of Mosaic art in Italy, it appears to us on its own merits a very remarkable work. Judged as a painting only, it would be a fine one.

The heathen temples stand clear and fair in their decaying beauty against the blue Italian sky, which warms to a faint crimson on the horizon. A group of trees in the right foreground, with gnarled and twisted roots and olive green foliage, show glimpses of a pleasant landscape beyond. It is difficult to believe that the vivid coloring and beautiful atmospheric effects of this fine picture are obtained by the adjustment of countless atoms of colored stone. So perfectly adjusted are they, that it is only some chance effect of light that proves it to us.

A scrap of paper in a slight frame, describing the scene of the picture and its historical associations, informs us that the artist spent twenty years in bringing his Mosaic to its present state—and makes no mention whatever of that artist's name! On further scrutiny, we found the name of "F. Rinaldi" inscribed in a corner of his work. It appears to us fitting that the name of the maker should not be so entirely swallowed up in the interest of his work; as if he had been, for instance, only the polisher and setter of those fine diamonds in the window. Pretty baubles! how they flash and glitter! Only eleven thousand five hundred dollars for this superior set of playthings! What a mere bagatelle!

Plenty of attractions for the eye to be found in Bailey & Co.'s, when it is ready to turn from Signor Rinaldi's work; particularly attractive if the visual orb should belong to a lady. Let our readers try the experiment of subjecting some lady friend to their influences. Truly, those flashing diamonds, those pure, poetical-looking pearls, reminding us of the pretty conceits lavished upon them by Michelet, in his "La Mer," and the deep, mysterious light of the opals, are enough to charm one into a dream over their treasure caskets.

But there is something at strange variance with these womanly adornments—a sharp, glittering blade, cruel-looking in spite of its decorations. We cannot fancy General Anderson, the quiet and modest hero of Sumter, finding those gaudy amethysts in any accordance with his character.

But the sword among the jewels is emblematic enough and suggestive enough to bring us back again with a sharp pluck to the bitterly pressing thoughts and needs of the day. No jewels, no garish adornments for our wives and daughters now. Gems have their place, perhaps, and are fair and fitting there; but not for America's brow or bosom now. Her jewels are like Cornelia's—her brave sons. While wishing all good fortune to the proprietors of those beautiful jewels, we shall not be sorry to see them shining in the same place like fixed stars for a long time to come. Till better and brighter days dawn upon us, at any rate.

PIETY AND SCALPING.

Among the rebel letters picked up in the deserted camp at Munson's Hill, was a letter from "sarah A. M. Perry" to her "lover and Darling" Jessee Stowers, of the "georgia Reglars first Ridgment." In the course of the letter, which is full of piety and affection, sarah says:—

Sister Rebekaher ses she wishes you would make hast and git old linkens skelp and come home she ses if you was to git old linkens scelp that they would let you come home with it she wants you to Come home safe she wants to tell you some things that has been past since you left i hear it is something like has been between you and she says that you must tak good kere of yureself and put yure trust in god and he will take cear of you for god is all at last Jessee.

I pray for you and will pray that you be sparde to git home safe and not got shot for i want to live to see you once more in this life for all of my satisfaction in this world is to see you A gain all that ceops me A live is wunding if yure saf when i see the marks of your swet pen it is A great Joy to me then it gives me hope and fils my mind with A hope that may see you a gain.

The ferocity shown in the desire that Jessee should get "old linken's skelp," consorts rather oddly with the pious expressions of the letter—but we suppose secession piety like secession honor, is of rather a peculiar character.

THE *New York Herald* rather "put its foot into it"—to use a common expression—the other day. It was making merry over the Richmond prediction that the rebel army would winter in New York. It said:—

"They will take New York city," but they will not harm it. It would destroy their pleasure, as well as our comfort, if they disturbed us very much. Our amusements will go on as usual, but under a Southern censorship. Fanny Mrs. Wood compelled to introduce Southern melodies into her burlesque, and Laura Keene forced to make the South in the right in her "Seven Sons," and the Bryants singing "Dixie's Land" at the point of the bayonet, and Hermann essaying the "Marseillaise" and teaching Floyd and Cobb prestidigitation, and the New Bowery folk ordered to play "Bull Run," with a new *finale* until further notice. Imagine *The Tribune* suppressed, and *The Times* denied the mails; *The Day-Book* itself again, and *The Daily News* revived; *The Journal of Commerce* with its old editor returned, and *The Express* demonstrating daily that it had always advocated Davis.

And the *Herald*—what of it? at once occurs to every reader. And then comes the mental answer, Why, of course, another somerset.

☞ TWO WAYS OF GETTING THE COTTON OUT.—Either by letting it out on bale, or by flagging it.

☞ Why are the Seceding States like the plagues of Egypt? Because seven went out, and "*they* were exceeding grievous to be borne with."

IS THE EAST DOING ITS DUTY?

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

ROSEFIELD, PEORIA CO., ILLINOIS, Sept. 30, 1861.

Mr. Editor—In the "*Chicago Tribune*," in its weekly issue of September 26th, I notice the following language, which I copy, inquiring of you as to its *truth* or *falsity*. I copy only a portion. The *italics* are my own. The article is headed "The Laggard States," from which I select as follows:—

"The *worst delinquent* is the great state of Pennsylvania, which is within a stone's throw of the National Capital, now being besieged by the rebels. Congress authorized the President to call out 500,000 men. Pennsylvania's contribution, on pro rata principles, is 75,000. *She has not this day* 25,000 *soldiers mustered into the Government service.* She is short *fifty thousand* of her due proportion. *Pennsylvania has more office-holders, contractors, and speculators feeding at the public crib than she has men with muskets in their hands*, and yet no state vaunts her patriotism more loudly. *Possibly it is because so many of her citizens are gorging themselves with plunder, that she has so few men to spare for the army.* She boasts of furnishing a Secretary of War, to manage the contest, and a Major-General to command the army and navy of the Potomac. But if she would contribute her quota of soldiers, it would not be necessary to strip Fremont of the Western legions which he was preparing for his march on New Orleans, nor would her beloved Secretary be in peril of being driven from the Capitol, or made a prisoner within sight of his own state. * * Kansas is the only state of the whole list which has raised her full quota. Illinois comes next, having mustered into the service for the war, about 40,000 men; and in a fortnight hence she will have her full share of 45,000, and will make it the even 50,000 before stopping.

"New York will have 60,000 men in the field by next week, which is three-fifths of her quota. The New England states have raised barely one half of their proportion. Even *beautiful Massachusetts* is far short of her share, though she promises to have them forthcoming shortly. New Jersey has in the service scarcely half her quota. Delaware has one regiment, but is raising another. *Take the ten Eastern states in the aggregate, and they have not furnished one-half their proper share of troops. They are behind to day one hundred and fifty regiments.* There is no decent excuse for this culpable short coming; therefore we have urged the propriety of resorting to the draft. The men must be had. The West will do its share voluntarily, and the East should have a little salutary coercion applied to spur the laggards to their duty."

Such, Mr. Editor, is the language used by the *Chicago Tribune*. As a Pennsylvanian, as a matter of course, I feel justly indignant at the aspersions cast upon my native state. I, therefore, ask you the question:—Are the statements made by the above journal, true or false? If *true*, I confess I must blush for the good name of Pennsylvania, and of the East at large. If *false*, as I believe them to be, the editor of that paper is truly a public calumniator, and stands in need of a little "wholesome correction" in the shape of exposure of his unjust charges. One of two things must be true; either leading Eastern journals have for some time past been laboring to deceive the people as to the true state of affairs, or the *Chicago Tribune*, (if it knows anything at all of the matter whereof it speaks,) publishes what it knows to be *willful falsehood*. The course of that journal has for some time past been so insulting to the citizens of that state which has contributed so largely to the population, the intelligence and prosperity of Illinois, that it is high time it should be called upon to make good its assertions, or be branded a willful slanderer of a loyal commonwealth. This state has indeed done nobly, but that, in my opinion at least, furnishes no reason why one of her leading journals should deal in vituperation and abuse of other loyal members of a common country. If Pennsylvania is now a recreant from duty she has truly forgotten Brandywine and Germantown, and the bloody foot-prints at Valley Forge. As to Massachusetts, so contemptuously spoken of by the *Tribune*, we may say, in the words of one of her own distinguished sons, now numbered with the dead, "She needs no encomium. There is her history. The world knows it by heart." The journalist who has the heart to malign and abuse Pennsylvania or Massachusetts needs to learn the chief lessons of American liberty, needs to more closely read American history. Let him go to Bunker Hill or Faneuil Hall, and there *think, if he dare*, that Massachusetts will prove false to her trust. Let him go to the spot consecrated by the Declaration of American Independence, and ask himself, Will Pennsylvania be untrue to herself? If there be what ever of noble impulse in his soul he cannot fail to answer, *No, never*. And when the history of this war is written, when the pen of the historian tells of the thousands slain, the privation endured, and the millions expended, we feel confident no section of the country can complain of the Atlantic states, no state can cast any recriminations upon Massachusetts or Pennsylvania. As it is we cannot help but feel that *disappointed ambition* or some similar cause furnished the chief incentive to the *Tribune* to pour invective and abuse upon the character of the "Keystone state." Knowing you to be possessed of means of disproving the above charges, if false, I appeal to you, in the name of Pennsylvania, and the Eastern states at large, to clear up the charges made, that Eastern people in the West, may not be made to blush for their native states, and that we may all know just how much reliance may be placed upon future statements of the *Chicago Tribune*.

A PENNSYLVANIAN IN ILLINOIS.

(NOTE.—See editorial on "Comparative Patriotism.")

☞ If the rebellion cannot be suppressed by *force*, can it be put down by *cookees*?

☞ Why is the man who makes additions to false war rumors, like one who has confidence in all that is told? Because he *relies* on all he hears.

☞ One of our exchanges has discovered the cause of the retreat of our army at Bull Run. It says "when the battle was at its hottest point and nearly won to our side, there came word that there were two *secessions* at the *New York Custom House*. Hence the stampede."

The Charges Against Fremont.

Before General Fremont left New York he procured from the Government full arms for 7,000 men; but after Manassas those arms were diverted to Washington, and have never been returned. With the exception of a few large guns, he has not received *any* arms from Washington.

An instance of the utterly groundless charges against him, is the statement that he has involved the Government in express expenditures for the transportation of guns, &c., amounting to $300,000, when the truth is that all the express bills he has incurred do not reach $30,000. About the cost of transporting one Illinois regiment to Washington.

Fremont left at St. Louis, when he started up the river on Friday, 27th ult., whole regiments for which he had no weapons, while a regiment of cavalry lately drew up before him with but a single saddle and not a belt or scabbard.

The Detroit Advertiser states that the Ordnance Department at Washington sold 10,000 Enfield muskets (or rifles) since Bull Run, to a private dealer for $10 each, and that the Government has since tried to buy them back for $20. Had but these arms been sent promptly to Fremont instead of being so fooled away, we believe affairs in Missouri would have worn a far brighter aspect today. To *buy* serviceable though not the very best arms at exorbitant prices, may in these times be an unwelcome necessity; to *sell* them, under existing circumstances, is, in a public functionary, a blunder if no worse.

Schuyler Colfax writes:—"To show, however, how the number of his troops has been exaggerated, even by those on the spot, we would state that while we were in St. Louis, two of the highest provisional state officers told us that there were 30,000 troops in the city, and that half of them at least could be spared, and should be sent, with others from other points, after Price. So we thought too, and so told the general. He handed us the muster-roll of all the United States troops in and around St. Louis on that day, numbering barely 8,000, composed of two full regiments, and a number of fragmentary ones. After that, he received the order for troops to be sent to Washington.

"Again. It is well known at St. Louis that he had all his plans laid some time since for surrounding and capturing Martin Green, while in North Missouri. The intoxication of a United States Brigadier-General was noted them, and allowed him to escape. Another movement was immediately planned, which, by a bold and successful dash in the West, would have probably broken up the rebel army on the Potomac, in their anxiety for their homes. The regiments from Indiana and Wisconsin, on which he relied to swell the numbers of his attacking party, were just at this time ordered East, which ended that movement. Price then advanced toward Lexington, and the orders were already prepared for the concentration of sufficient troops to reinforce Mulligan, and capture the rebel army. Just then came the order from Washington for 5,000 of his best armed and equipped troops to be sent thither immediately, and the regiments accordingly went East instead of West. We know what his feelings were when he received the order. We were there at the time, and he said, 'Washington, if in danger, must be saved, even if the West is lost and myself destroyed.' But reinforcements were ordered to Mulligan. Why those which left North Mi souri by his orders, five days before the surrender, did not arrive, no one as yet knows."

Mr. Davis, M. C., of Philadelphia, who was with Fremont, says:—

"On the Saturday preceding the siege of Lexington, 5,000 troops were ordered to Washington from St. Louis. Gen Fremont then had in St. Louis but 7,500 men, but he immediately sent on two of his best regiments. He said as they left, 'The heart must be preserved, even if the extremities perish.' The news from Lexington caused him to decline sending more, and Gen Scott sustained him."

FROM WASHINGTON.—If private intelligence is to be relied upon, the enemy's strongest position is about 11 miles in the rear of Manassas Junction, where it is represented the entire available reserves of the South are concentrated. The bearer of this information has recently visited all the principal points from Richmond to Leesburg, and has given many important details of the numbers, position and resources of the rebels, which are not requisite to be published at this time. All former statements as to the privations, discontent and demoralization of the rebel troops are fully confirmed. The officers still attempt to inflate the hopes of the soldiers that Washington will fall an easy prey to the chivalry of the South; but the recent successful expedition to Hatteras, and the progress of Rosecrans in Western Virginia, together with a scarcity of food and money, are rapidly convincing the dupes of political aspirants, that the days of the reign of Southern tyranny are numbered. The soldiers and subalterns, and in many cases, officers of a high grade, utter loud complaints against Virginia for not furnishing the materials and sinews of war as promised through the partisan leaders. The gentleman who furnishes this information, sincerely believes that delay is the surest and quickest weapon to reduce the South to loyalty.

RUSSELL WARING UP.—The London Times of the 16th, publishes another letter from Mr. Russell, dated September 2, which contains very little of interest to the American people, beyond the expression of the opinion that the army under Gen. McClellan is a very fine one. He says that "by the time the season is favorable and other combinations are ready for execution *the army will justify the expectations which are entertained of it*, and will deserve some of the eulogies lavished on it by anticipation. Never, perhaps, has a finer body of men in all the respects of *physique* been assembled by any power in the world, and there is no reason why their *morale* should not be improved so as to equal that of the best troops of Europe."

LOSS OF THE PROPELLER FANNY.—The Fanny was captured on Tuesday night by three rebel tugs, which put out from Roanoke Island. She was on her way from Hatteras Inlet to Chicamacomica, the encampment of the Twentieth Indiana Regiment, and was captured by three rebel tugs, which put out from Roanoke Island.

Two rifled cannon, twenty five of the Indiana Regiment, including Quartermaster Ira W. Hact, several of Col. Hawkins's Regiment, and a cargo of commissary stores, fell into the hands of the rebels.

The captain of the propeller and the crew alone escaped. The Fanny was from this city—and is of very little value.

CUBA AND THE REBELS.—The Act published by the Charleston Mercury, alleged to come from the Spanish Government, admitting the rebel flag into Cuban ports, is proved to be a forgery. The vessels sailing under the rebel flag have been compelled to hoist the stars and stripes before being allowed to enter. The rumors of Spain fitting out an expedition in conjunction with France and England against Mexico, are doubtless entitled to no credit. This has been talked of for so many years, that we must hear of the expedition sailing before we believe it.

☞ Now and then one finds an *ignoramus* who quotes the so-called "Blue Laws," as if they were an authentic representation of a state of society once existing in Connecticut, not knowing that the entire code was a malicious fabrication of a renegade and refugee from the Colony.—*Independent*.

☞ A BEAUTIFUL CUSTOM.—It was formerly the custom at Rheims, on Christmas morning, in the cathedral of that city, to loose birds out of a cage, as emblems of what Christ does for the soul, in freeing its hopes and aspirations from imprisonment by despair and sin.

☞ In the march of life, don't heed the order of "right about," when you know you are about right.

☞ "CANNON" LAW.—The town of Chartres besieged by Henry IV., and at last capitulated. The magistrate of the town, on giving up the keys, addressed his majesty:—"This town belongs to your highness by divine law, and by human law." "And by *cannon* law, too," added Henry.

☞ Society is like a glass of ale—the dregs go to the bottom, the froth and scum to the surface, and the substance, or the better portion, remains about the centre.

☞ To hoop a firkin, pail, tub or barrel, when no iron bands or wooden hoops are convenient, pass an iron wire twice around and twist the ends to make them hold. It may be driven or tightened like an ordinary hoop.

☞ The best nets with which to haul in rebels—Bayo-*nets*.

☞ GONE TO GRASS.—New Orleans is represented as falling rapidly to decay. Pumpkins are cropping out wildly between the paving stones of her desolate streets; and the only rents that the landlords ever see, now, are those in their own scanty garments. The Timothy crop in the principal thoroughfares, however, is represented as being remarkably fine, so that cows are pasturing at large where once rolled the fashionable carriages of the cotton magnates. In point of fact, New Orleans appears to be about as well Cowed at present, as can reasonably be expected up to date.—*Vanity Fair*.

☞ The Cornhill (Eng.) Magazine speaks of Mason & *Dixie's* line, as though Dixie had become so worn into the writer's mind as to confuse his history.

☞ A gentleman calling at a stable to see a pair of horses that had been advertised for sale, and finding but one of them there, asked the man in attendance, "Where's his mate?" "Faith, sir, an' I think he gives 'em *mate* but wonce a week," was the reply.

☞ WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE WAR?—The Northern States are responsible for this war just as Jesus was responsible for the crime of Judas and Pilate; just as Paul and the primitive church were responsible for the martyrdoms inflicted by the Emperor of Rome; just as Luther caused the Thirty Years' War; and our American ancestors the war of the Revolution.—*Rev. A. D. Mayo.*

☞ We have heard of asking for bread and receiving a stone, but a gentleman may be considered as still worse treated when he asks for a lady's hand and receives her father's foot!

☞ FOREIGN DEMAND FOR BREADSTUFFS.—That two years of good crops at home and high prices abroad as this and the last should have come to us just at this great National crisis must be regarded as almost providential. Last year, up to this time, our total exports were $69,757,795, against $49,966,740 in 1859. Of the exports of 1860 the great bulk of value was in cotton, until later in the season, when the great crop of cereals began to find its way to the seaboard, after which the proportion of grain in the National export manifest rapidly increased. Altogether we were paid not less than $50,000,000 in gold for the breadstuffs sold by us to our European customers. This year we have been shipping since the 1st of January at the rate of more than two millions of dollars per week, or in exact figures, the enormous sum of $96,097,241, fully one half of which has been in cereals. Better than this for our finances there is small probability of an abatement in the foreign demand, the last accounts from France and England representing the crops at least a third below an average. In England the deficiency has been estimated in some districts at two thirds, and a like unfortunate state of things is reported in parts of France. Wheat is no where plentiful on the Continent; rye is short in Germany; Indian corn is scanty so in Italy, and potatoes are generally doubtful. The harvest not being satisfactory in Portugal, all grain except Indian corn, is admitted free of duty until April 30 of next year.

IN A TIGHT PLACE.—We have heard of many "tight" places, but the one in which a little fellow found himself last Saturday beats them all. Dr. Dunlap was called in great haste last Saturday, and when he arrived at the place, he found a little boy with his head jammed into a hole cut in a large stone for a cistern pump. The little fellow had concocted the idea of standing on his head, and for this purpose placed his head into the hole, which was barely large enough to admit it, and as he elevated his heels the weight of his body wedged his head into the hole, in such a manner that extrication was doubtful. The Doctor found the little fellow with his heels up, sustained in that position by the arms of a sister, while there was a great rush of blood to the head. A blow sufficient to break the stone would have caused a concussion of the brain that would have destroyed the child's life. The Doctor raised the stone on its edge, relieving the blood from the rush of blood, and by the assistance of the sheriff within the walls first in front and then in rear, pushing the scalp through, after some fifteen minutes relieved the little fellow with some rough graining of the skin.—*Springfield News.*

CATS AND GUARDSHIPS.—Every lover of flowers knows that a "bull in a china shop" is not more out of place, than a cat in a garden, yet it is not generally known that there is one plant at least which cannot be grown except in the absence of the feline race. The plant is Nemophilla, and it has been frequently noticed that before the seed has been a week in the ground, all the cats in the neighborhood will come and roll themselves in the place where it is sown; and although it has no smell, they will single it out from among a score of batches of other seeds. To fairly test the matter, some Nemophilla was sowed in a large vase which stood alone in the centre of a plot of grass, and long before the seed appeared above the ground, three or four cats were frequently noticed at once rolling on the top of the vase. What is the reason of this curious fancy of the cat?—*Notes and Queries.*

LATEST NEWS.

FROM MISSOURI.

JEFFERSON CITY, Oct. 5.—Mr. Prescott, a citizen of Lexington, who was in Col. Mulligan's fortifications during the siege, contradicts the report that Gen. Sturgis had arrived there.

Mr. Prescott says that he heard Gen. Price tell Rains and Parsons that now was the time to fight if they ever intended to, and heard them discussing the propriety of falling back to fortify Rose Hill, in Johnston county, 15 miles west of Warrensburg. He thinks, however, that their real intention is to retreat southwardly to the Arkansas river. Since the surrender, they had obtained two cannon from the Lexington foundry in Lexington, which increased their field pieces to fourteen. They also had two mortars.

The report that a large amount of loaded shells had been dug up inside of Mulligan's entrenchments, after the surrender, is untrue.

Capt. A. G. Smith, at the head of some 1,500 Union men, is pursuing the secessionists in Barry and Stone counties.

Col. Mulligan was taken South with Gen. Price.

REPORTED DEATH OF BEN. MCCULLOCH.—St. Louis, Oct. 5.—The correspondence of the Democrat gives the following:—

ROLLA, Mo., Oct. 6.—From information gathered by scouts, there are about 11,000 armed rebels gathered over the south-western part of the state, including 6,000 to 7,000 at Camp Walker, Arkansas, eight miles below the Missouri line, under command of young Ben. McCulloch.

Major Wright, of the Home Guard, furnishes the following statement:—A physician well known to the Major, whose name I am not permitted to use, arrived from the south west on Tuesday evening. This physician was formerly a partner of Dr. Snell, General McCulloch's army surgeon. The former very recently had an interview with his old partner, and was told by him that, in the battle of Springfield, McCulloch was shot through the hips, and a glance ball also struck him in the forehead.

Soon after making his report of the battle, McCulloch, with the Texas forces, was ordered back to Texas, but after reaching Camp Chesapeake, near Mount Lemon, he died from his wounds. Before he expired, he spoke freely of the manner of his treatment by the Mississians, and declared that, if he had known the true position of affairs, he never would have entered the State.

WOOL AND FREMONT.—General Wool returned to Fortress Monroe, to resume his old command, it having been decided not to send him to St. Louis even temporarily.

The drafts of Gen. Fremont, heretofore cashed at the Treasury, amount to only one million and a half dollars. They have been reported at a much higher figure.

Col. De Villiers who was captured in Western Virginia by Wise, and imprisoned at Norfolk, has escaped and returned to Washington via Fortress Monroe. He arrived with twelve other prisoners, but the latter were retaken. He tells a shocking story of the brutal treatment of the prisoners.

John Ross, principal chief of the Cherokee nation, is reported to have called eight thousand Cherokees around him and declared for the Union, and also to have fought and beaten the secession half breeds.

The so-called Kentucky Cavalry is hereafter to be styled the Third Regiment of Pennsylvania Cavalry.

The late news from Kansas shows that the people of that State are thoroughly aroused, and are prepared, almost to a man, to serve for the war.

NEW ORLEANS is preparing to resist an attack. Columbiads have been planted by the rebels at Carrollton and English Turn, and the Governor has ordered all the places of business in the city to close at two o'clock every day, and the people to occupy the rest of the day in drilling. The United States forces have occupied Ship Island and Chandeleur Island.

DEATH OF SENATOR BINGHAM, OF MICHIGAN.—ANN ARBOR, MICH., Oct. 5.—U. S. Senator Bingham died of apoplexy, at his residence at Green Oak, to-day.

☞ On one occasion, when John Kemble played Hamlet in the country, the gentleman who acted Guildenstern was, or imagined himself to be, a capital musician. Hamlet asked him, "Will you play upon this pipe?" "My lord, I cannot." "I do beseech——" "Well, if your lordship insists upon it, I will do as well as I can." And, to the confusion of Hamlet, and the great amazement of the audience, he played "God Save the King."

☞ A paper in a country town, in announcing the approach of a Fireman's Ball, calls to the members of the department. "Oil with your pumps and hose!"

☞ Sulphuric acid, mixed with nitric, and submitted to gentle heat, forms *nitro*-Gun cotton steeped in ether and alcohol dissolves and becomes that useful article, collodion, which is now so valuable to the photographic artist.

☞ In the French military service, during the Crimean war, where chloroform was given to tens of thousands of wounded, the rational and safe rule was promulgated, never to wait for total insensibility, as bullets, balls and fragments of shells are best extracted in the second steps of chloroform inhalations. This stage may be always insured by diluting the chloroform.

☞ CLERICAL.—The following advertisement recently appeared in an English paper:—"Wanted—A curate of Evangelical views without any Tractarianism, who is no smoker, and does not take snuff, who is of sober habits, and has a good voice, to undertake all the parochial duties in a town with a railway station. Stipend, £90."

☞ The Federal forces took exactly the same number of cannon at Hatteras that the rebels captured at Bull's Run.

☞ In the town of T——, there was a shoemaker who at times officiated as preacher. He always wrote the notices himself, in order to save the expense of printing. Here is one of them:—"There will be preaching in the pines this Sunday afternoon on the subject,

All who do not believe will be damned at three o'clock."

☞ EXCUSE-MAKING.—"How do you feel this morning, James?" "Very much better, I thank you. I did think, a while, I was not as well; but I know I am better now, for I just met old Mr. ——, the undertaker, and he looked cross at me."

☞ The American Agriculturist says:—Galt Borden, in addition to his condensed meat and condensed milk, has commenced the manufacture of a condensed preparation of coffee, with milk and sugar added, so that it is only necessary to stir a teaspoonful of it in a cup of hot water to produce an excellent dish of coffee.

THE WEEDER.

"*The servant earnestly desireth the shadow.*"—*Job.*

"The morn is past, and yet the weeds are thick,
And the fierce August sun pours on me burningly.
Oh, God!" she said, "send, send that shadow quick,
Which I desire so yearningly.

"For me the heat and burden of the day,
And a stern master who doth show no levity;
For him rich pleasure-lands stretch far away,
With groves of cool serenity.

"Above his meadows, into golden air,
The rounded knoll uplifts its green protuberance,
The ripening harvests wave and toss their hair,
In golden-tressed exuberance.

"There are cool woodlands in whose dusk arcades
The very noonday seems of twilight emulous;
No heat wins there, but, in the silent glades,
The silent dews hang tremulous.

"There the tall tulip creats the glorious scene,
The stately monarch of those sylvan palaces,
And its strong arms, like priests in festal green,
Lift up their golden chalices.

"Through the thick leaves the tempered sun beams sift,
And pleasant shades are o'er the award distributed;
There worms may crawl, there thistle-down may drift,
And I—I am prohibited.

"I faint with toil, yet keep my faith to all,
Though none save God, regardeth me observantly.
Father!" she cried, "when will that shadow fall,
For which I pine so fervently?"

Then came a shadow, but 'twas icy cold,
As of some swart, dread angel d'er her hovering;
It wreathed around her with voluminous fold,
And wrapped her in its covering.

Chill though it was, she hailed it with a smile;
And, worn by years and grief and long infirmity,
Lay down beneath it, slept a little while,
And wakened in eternity.

REFORMS IN THE FRENCH ARMY

We copy the following article from the Illustrated London News, on the above title:—

THE UNIFORM.

The Zouave breeches, the leathern leggings reaching a little above the white linen gaiter, have been universally adopted for the infantry soldier. About the convenience of this there can be no more question than about the smartness of it. It does away with braces, which are no small inconvenience to the heavily laden soldier; it enables the soldier to lie down and sleep without being obliged to go through all kinds of processes, or get up next morning more tired than ever.—The tight legging is a support to the leg and to the gaiter. I suppose the white gaiter will be now entirely substituted for the leathern one. This is an experience which has been learnt from the Zouaves, who never wear, even in the muddiest weather, their leathern gaiters, and scarcely ever are known to foot-sore, which is frequently the case with leathern gaiters. The old tunic has likewise changed, but in an opposite direction; it has taken the shape of the short tunic of the Chasseurs a Pied de la Garde. This change was necessary on account of the first; it is decidedly smarter, rather less convenient; but as tunics are put aside in campaigning, and the great coat is adopted, this does not matter.

THE RIFLE.

Another more important change is the universal adoption of the rifle. This is since the Italian war, in which only the Imperial Guard and a certain number of regiments had it. I cannot say whether it is of the same pattern as then used, but the arm seems to me shorter and more handy. Sights are abolished, with the exception of the rifles of the Chasseurs, who keep their old weapon as it was. The explanation is, that only troops d'elite will use sights with discrimination, and that one can scarcely rely on 250,000 men proving so; besides which it is maintained that the great mass of soldiers will learn better to use their weapons by practice, like sportsmen, at different distances, without going through the double process of first judging the distances, and then adjusting the sights, which, above all, under the fire of the enemy requires considerable sangfroid. Certainly, hitherto sights have not proved themselves practically of much worth, but this is no reason for giving up an improvement before it is proved to be unattainable.

THE NEW FORMATION.

It changes the very formation, which was hitherto the basis of all evolutions. It was three deep, and has become two deep now. Which of the two is the better was long controverted, the adversaries of the former arguing the necessity of the third rank as an element of solidity, while the supporters of the second insisted on the uselessness of the third rank for firing, its exposure to the fire of the enemy, and the benefit which might be derived from its being used for the prolongation of the line. The English and Swiss armies were the only ones who adopted the latter view, and lately the Sardinian.

MORE OLD SOLDIERS.

Had the French army remained unchanged in its composition, it would have been probably long before the formation two deep would have been adopted. But a great modification has been taking place gradually in this respect. Up to 1848, it was very rare to find soldiers re-enlisting after having served their time; now great numbers do it, so that the proportion of old soldiers is growing at a great rate. The reason is the advantages offered which did not exist before. First, the price of a compleement has been raised to 2,000f; the term of service entitling the soldier to a pension has been lowered to twenty-five years; the pension itself has been almost doubled. Considering, besides, that every year's campaigning counts for two years' service, and that almost every steady soldier arrives after a long service to the rank of non-commissioned officer, or at least gets the medaille, which gives a pension of 100f., the soldier has a chance, after less than twenty years of service, to retire with a competence of 900f or 700f. a year. Besides this, there is the Imperial Guard, which likewise offers a chance of bettering the soldier's position. The formation now introduced in the line of battle is almost identical with that in the English and Swiss armies, the leading idea being to supply the third rank by the "serrefiles," formed of officers and sergeants. This, together with the distribution of the rest of the non-commissioned officers on the flanks of the section, keeps the whole together.

MOVEMENTS.

It would be of little interest to your readers to go into details as far as the manœuvring goes; the general character of it may be described as simplifying and accelerating every movement, weeding out considerably all complicated movements, which are never possible on the battle-field, and trusting more to the developed intelligence of the men and the steadiness of the guides than to the dead accuracy of each individual man. Slow step is altogether done away with the pas ordinaire being fixed at 77 to the minute, double quick at 110 in a minute; besides which the pas gymnastique of the Chasseurs has been introduced in the Line, wisely meeting a want which showed itself every moment. Formerly to get quicker into place the soldier took to irregular running; now this running has been regulated. Indeed, the chief improvement in the new evolutions is the adaptation of many things which were already in use with the Chasseurs a Pied. According to the old regulations, light infantry exercise and skirmishing was properly the duty of the light infantry regiments, and later, when these were done away with, of the flank companies. The others, although now and then put through the movements, were scarcely regularly instructed; hence in most cases the soldier had to do it as best he could. Now almost the identical movements in square by the Chasseurs a Pied have been introduced as part of the education of each individual soldier—nay, it forms a prominent part of it. The formation by fours is the basis of it for all movements. The group has the name of compagnons d'armes, destined, as they are, to act together. Minute regulations are laid down, for instance, for resisting cavalry attacks in groups, but everywhere these are expressly laid down as rules for general guidance. The old complicated formation of squares, likewise an offshot of the idea of increased solidity, has been entirely changed, and the simple square adopted, with a reserve in the centre to strengthen where an occasion presents itself.

THE CAVALRY.

Recent efforts have been made to improve the French cavalry.

Individual excellence is even a more indispensable condition for cavalry than for modern infantry, and this is difficult to obtain in a country almost without good saddle-horses, and with a people having little taste for riding. As for saddle and bridle, they have greatly improved both of them very much on the English model. One might object to some heaviness still; but in campaigning, where the same care cannot be taken as in the stable, a pound or two more weight saves many a sore back. * * * Formerly, as soon as a man who had never before been on horseback could somehow or other manage to keep in the saddle while trotting he was immediately practised in evolutions. The result was, that all he could do never went beyond keeping, by means of hand and feet, in the saddle—and that was all. Now this individual practice in single files, in all paces, forms the most prominent part of the exercise. The stirrup has been somewhat shortened, so as to let the man sit down comfortably; he has thus the chance of keeping in his seat without the assistance of the bridle, and can use his hands to handle sword and lance, both of which he is taught to adapt to the movement of the horse. A new kind of puppet heads has been put up on the practice ground, and these rise again by a spring when they are struck by lance or sword. Barriers, too, are to accustom the horse and men to leaping.

All these are, if you like, old things, but practised as they now are they give a very different result. Both men and horses of the lancers, who have gone regularly through this practice for the last two months, have acquired an agility which they never before possessed, and which has had no small effect on the evolutions themselves. All these latter are in fast trot and gallop, and go through their evolutions with a precision which is quite new in the French cavalry. These individual exercises, which have been introduced in the whole cavalry, were above all applied in the camp to form rapidly an extended line of battle by brigades or even divisions of cavalry—that is, 1,000 to 2,000 horsemen charging in a line—an element which, if judiciously applied, might turn many a contested battle. Hitherto successive lines of smaller extent, placed behind each other *en echelon*, was the more favorite mode of attacking. Besides this the lancers are in charges *en fourageurs*, which is even more calculated to perfect individual excellence.

LIGHT AND HEAVY CAVALRY.

Some old notions of weight in the horsemen still exist:—

Light and heavy cavalry both are in the humdrum way. The tallest and handsomest men are chosen for the purpose, instead of studying to have the lightest, wiriest, and those who have at least a idea of a horse, however slight that may be. After the Balaklava charge, and after the experience in Algeria, one might surely have abandoned the illusion that it is the tall, powerful men who deliver the formidable blows. It is the impetus of the horse, and the good rider who knows how to combine his blows with the impetus of the horse, which are formidable. The good English swords handled by the fine men on the tall, spirited horses, could rarely cut through a Russian great-coat, and the Chasseurs d'Afrique had to be armed with an almost straight sword for thrusting, because they could not cut through an Arab burnous, while a young Turkish cavalry soldier, on a bad pony, severs a head, and a slightly made Sikh Irregular will do the same.

As for small, wiry men, there is no want here; but I suppose a French cavalry colonel, like those of many other countries, would scout the idea of stunting his regiment. As for finding riders to made cavalry soldiers of, it is more difficult, but more might have been done in this respect too. But the first thing is to get rid of the overweight, which oppresses heavy and light cavalry equally. It is very rarely that any one learns riding after he has attained his full growth; the legs will no longer adapt themselves, besides which the real care and affection which the cavalry soldier ought to have for his horse are the result of early habit.

NAPOLEON'S COAT OF MAIL.

Just before Napoleon set out for Belgium (before the battle of Waterloo), he sent for the cleverest artisan of his class in Paris, and demanded of him whether he would engage to make a coat of mail to be worn under the ordinary dress, which should be absolutely bullet-proof, and that, if so, he might name his own price for such a work. The man engaged to make the desired object, if allowed proper time, and he named 18,000 francs (£720) as the price of it. The bargain was concluded, and in due time the work was produced, and the artisan was honored with a second audience of the Emperor. "Now," said his imperial Majesty, "put it on." The man did so. "As I am to stake my life on its efficacy, you will, I suppose, have no objection to do the same?" and he took a brace of pistols, and prepared to discharge one at the breast of the astonished artist. There was no retreating, however, and, half dead with fear, he stood the fire; and, to the infinite credit of his work, with perfect impunity. But the Emperor was not content with one trial. He fired the second pistol at the back of the artist, and afterwards discharged a fowling-piece at another part of him with similar effect. "Well," said the Emperor, "you have produced a capital work, undoubtedly. What is to be the price of it?" Eighteen thousand francs were named as the agreed sum. "There is an order for them," said the Emperor; "and there is another for an equal sum, for the frigat I have given you."—*Leamington Advertiser.*

PASQUINADES.

The following pasquinade appeared during the occupation of Rome by the French in 1810:—

Marforio—Is it true, Pasquin, that all the French are robbers?

Pasquin—Not all of them, but a good part.—(*Buona parte.*)

Early in the present pontificate, when the Pope returned to Rome, after an excursion to Bologna and Loretto, Pasquin's statue displayed these three lines:—

Pio nono
Justo e buono
Mastai.

Mastai was the Pope's name before his election. He was Count Cardinal Mastai-Feretti. Hence the pun which gave point to the inscription, its sense being—"Pius IX., you are just and good, but you halt on the way (*ma stai.*")

On a subsequent occasion of the same kind, Pasquin exhibited a placard containing only these three figures:—610. Six hundred and ten, or in Italian, *sei centro dieci*, which could that mean? Everybody hastened to Marforio (the other statue) for the solution of the enigma, and found it in the words *Sei in zero*, "Thou art a cypher." Name the figures separately and you have 6—sei, 1—cento, 0—zero. Now *sei* is a word of double meaning; it may stand either for "six" or "thou art," and thus 610 may signify "Thou art a cypher."

INTELLIGENCE OF THE LARK.—A pair of larks had built their nest in a grass field, where they hatched a brood of young. Very soon after the young birds were out of their nests, the owner of the field was forced to set the mowers to work, the state of the weather forcing him to cut his grass sooner than usual. As the laborers approached the nest, the parent birds seemed to take alarm, and at last the mother laid herself flat upon the ground, with out-spread wings and tail, while the male bird took one of her young out of the nest, and by dint of pushing and pulling, got it on its mother's back. She then flew away with her young one over the fields, and soon returned for another. This time, the father took its turn to carry one of the offspring, being assisted by its mother in getting it firmly on his back; and in this manner they carried off the whole brood before the mowers had reached their nest.—*Wood's Natural History.*

PROUD OF AN INFIRMITY.—Some people are proud of being all head and no heart. There is no flummery about them. It is stern, severe sense and principle. Well, my friends, say I to such, you are (in a moral sense) deficient of a member. Fancy a mortal hopping through creation, and boasting that he was born with only one leg! Or even if you have a little of the kindly element, but very little when compared with the logical, you have not much to boast of. Your case is analogous to that of the man who has two legs indeed, but one of them a great deal larger than the other.—*Recreations of a Country Parson.*

A HIGHLAND LEGEND.

Once upon a time, in Barr Glen, on a wild winter's night, a farmer and his family and servants were comfortably seated around a peat-fire, when the wind was howling terribly around the house, and the drifting snow was clogging up the doorways. The farmer knew that his son and the servant-maid were much attached to each other, but he would not consent to their marriage. While they were all sitting round the fire on that winter's night, he thought of a plan by which the servant-maid should be got rid of; so he said that if, before the next day, she would bring him a skull that was in Saddell church, she should have his son for a husband. The girl's love was so strong for the young man that she joyfully agreed to the proposal, although it was quite seven miles to Saddell, and the road thereto lay over Beinn-au-Tuirc. She knew the road well, and all its dangers and difficulties even by daylight, which would now be immensely increased by the darkness of the night, the fierce wind and driving snow, and the slippery rocks and swollen torrents. But she did not shrink from the danger, and at once made ready and went on her way. The farmer took good care that she went alone, and that his son did not follow her. The brave girl went over hill and glen, battling with the snow-storm, and tracking her path with the greatest difficulty. She passed safely over the southern side of Beinn-au-Tuirc, and by midnight reached Saddell church. Its door was open, burst open, perhaps, by the violence of the wind. She knew the place where the skull was kept, and she groped toward it in the dark. As she did so she heard a great and peculiar noise, made up, as it seemed, of loud moans. There was a trampling of light feet over the pavement, and she heard forms rush past her; then a moment's silence, succeeded by more mysterious moans and sounds. Terrified, but not disheartened, the brave girl kept her purpose steadily in view; and groping toward the skull, seized it with both hands, and made for the church-door. The trampling of feet and the moans continued, and the forms pursued her. Grasping the skull she gained the door, and pulled it to after her. As she did so she heard a rush against it; but she turned and fled. By daylight she had regained her lover's house, and, half dead with fatigue and excitement, placed the skull in the farmer's hands, and claimed the fulfillment of his promise. The farmer was taken aback by seeing the girl, having hoped that she would have perished amid the snow and wilds. He would not believe that she had really been to Saddell, and taken the skull from the church on such a night; so he at once set out to Saddell with some of his men, expecting to be able to disprove the girl's tale, by finding the skull still in its place in the church. When they got there, and had opened the church-door, they found within the building—not the skull, but a number of wild deer, who, having found the door open, had sought shelter from the violence of the storm. The girl had told him of the sounds she had heard within the church. Here was their cause; and much as he wished it otherwise, yet it was impossible for him to disbelieve her tale. There was nothing for him to do but to yield with the best grace he might. He gave his consent to the match, and, to make assurance doubly sure, the lover took his brave girl to Saddell church the very next day, where she replaced the skull in its old position, and they were married off-hand. And as some of the deer that had frightened her had been killed and cooked, they had a hearty wedding and plenty of good venison at the feast that followed.—*Glenerreggan, or a Highland Home in Centre, by Cuthbert Bede.*

ON GUARD.

At midnight, on my lonely beat,
When shadows wrap the wood and lea,
A vision seems my view to greet
Of one at home that prays for me.

No roses blow upon her cheek—
Her form is not a lover's dream—
But on her face, so fair and meek,
A host of holier beauties gleam.

For softly shines her silver hair,
A patient smile is on her face,
And the mild lustrous light of prayer
Around her sheds a moon-like grace.

She prays for one that's far away—
The soldier in his holy light—
And begs that Heaven in mercy may
Protect her boy and bless the Right!

Till, though the leagues lie far between,
This silent incense of her heart
Steals o'er my soul with breath serene,
And we no longer are apart.

So guarding thus my lonely beat,
By shadowy wood and haunted lea,
That vision seems my view to greet
Of her at home who prays for me.

TEA.

The same plant produces all the varieties. The different times of gathering, and modes of preparation, cause all the difference between those kinds known by so many distinct names—both of green and black. The leaves only are picked, and not the flower; they are all rolled with the fingers. Those dried rapidly in iron basins over a fire become *green tea*, while those thrown into very hot basins, then taken quickly out, exposed to the sun for a while, and afterward dried over a fire, become *black tea*.

These pans, as some writers call them, but more correctly, bowls or basins, for they are nearly semi-globular in shape and about eighteen inches in diameter, are always of iron, never of copper. A mixture of Prussian blue and gypsum is used in the preparation of some green teas; but the better qualities are generally perfectly pure.

The native building on the North Gate street in which we lived during the first year of our residence at Shanghai, was rented, after we left, to a tea merchant. On visiting it afterward I found he had turned our former kitchen into a *tea-covering* room. There were around the sides of the apartment fourteen of these iron bowls, set in the mortar on the top of as many brick furnaces, in which moderate fires were burning. Thirteen of the bowls were half filled with tea leaves, and a man stood at each, rapidly stirring them with his hand.

The remaining bowl contained a quantity of this bluish-green coloring matter, which another was also stirring. To this one, the men from the other would come every few minutes, and taking from it a small quantity of the contents, would return and stir, each into his bowl of the leaves till they had required the requisite hue. The exceedingly minute quantity of Prussian blue that any person could imbibe in drinking tea from the leaves thus prepared, precludes, in my opinion, the possibility of injury resulting therefrom.

The significations of some of the names by which teas are known, are as follows, making due allowance for the changes and corruption they undergo in form and sound in being *anglicised*. *Hyson* means before the rain or flourishing spring, that is, early in the spring. Hence it is often called Young Hyson. *Hyson skin* is composed of the refuse of the other kinds, the native term for which means tea-skin.

Refuse of a still coarser description, containing many stems, is called tea bones. *Bohea* is the name of the hills in the region where it is collected. *Pekoe* or *Pecco* means white hairs, the down on the tender leaves. *Pouchong*, folded plant. *Souchong*, small plant. *Twankay* is the name of a stream in the province whence it is brought. *Congo* is from a term signifying labor, from the care required in its preparation.—*Taylor's China.*

WASHINGTON AND THE CORPORAL.

Some of our volunteer officers show their unfitness to command by keeping aloof from their men, instead of setting them the example of manliness in toil and endurance. The following incident is in point:—

During the American Revolution, it is said, the commander of a little squad was giving orders to those under him, relative to a log of timber which they were endeavoring to raise up to the top of some military works they were repairing. The timber went up with difficulty, and on this account the voice of the little man was often heard, in regular vociferations of—

"Heave away! there she goes! heave ho!"

An officer, not in military costume, was passing, and asked the commander why he did not take hold and render a little aid. The latter, astonished, turning round with all the pomp of an Emperor, said—

"Sir, I am a corporal!"

"You are, are you?" replied the officer, "I was not aware of that;" and taking off his hat and bowing, the officer said, "I ask your pardon, Mr. Corporal," and then dismounted, and lifted till the sweat stood in drops on his forehead.

When the work was finished, turning to the commander, he said—

"Mr. Corporal, when you have another such job, and have not men enough, send for your Commander-in-Chief, and I will come and help you a second time."

The Corporal was thunderstruck. It was Washington who thus addressed him!

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S POINTER.—Sir Walter Scott declared that he could believe anything of dogs. He was very fond of them, studied their idiosyncracies closely, wrote voluminously in their praise, and told many stories of their unaccountable habits. Once, he said, he desired an old pointer of great experience, a prodigious favorite, and steady in the field as a rock, to accompany his friend Daniel Terry, the actor, then on a visit at Abbotsford, and who, for the nonce, voted himself a sportsman on a sporting excursion. The dog wagged his tail in token of pleased obedience, and shook out his ears, led the way with a confident air, and began ranging about with the most scientific precision. Suddenly he pointed, up sprang a numerous covey. Terry, beat on slaughter, fired both barrels at once, aiming in the centre of the enemy, and missed. The dog turned round in utter astonishment, wondering who could be behind him, and looked Terry full in the face; but, after a pause, shook himself again, and went to work as before. A second steady point, a second fusilade and no effects. The dog then deliberately wheeled about and trotted home at leisure, leaving the discomfited sportsman to point for himself during the remainder of the day. Sir Walter was fond of repeating the anecdote, and always declared that it was literally true, while Terry never said more in contradiction than that "it was a good story."

ANTIQUITY OF THE PIG.—The pig is the existing representative of a very ancient race of mammals which lived and died upon this earth long before there were Christians to devour, or Jews to abhor their flesh. The same species of wild boar that was hunted by our forefathers was contemporary with the mammoth, cave-bear, and the long-haired rhinoceros. Some persons imagine that geology deals only with fossil shells or fishes; but there is a vast deal of interest attached to the geological history of the predecessors and representatives of our domestic animals. We know that the wild ancestor of our domestic pig was in existence before the separation of England from the Continent of Europe; and that the hunter, had hunters then lived, might have chased the bear through forests the site of which is now occupied by the waves of the English Channel. Mammoths, tigers, and rhinoceroses perished, but the wild boar lived, and lives still on the Continent of Europe, though extinct here.—*Old Bones.*

ENGAGING SERVANTS IN ENGLAND.

A correspondent of the London Times, who describes himself as "an easy going young man, who thinks a pennyworth of comfort cheap at three-halfpence, and sanctions, therefore, extreme to mark what is done amiss," writes an amusing communication upon the habits and manners of servants in London. It would appear that even English servants are by no means perfection. We quote a few paragraphs.

WHY THEY LEFT.

Sometimes, I admit, I must be to blame, as on a late occasion, when a groom left me without assigning any reason. I afterward understood that he told his successor that "the place was well enough, but master was so plaguy dull in the buggy he couldn't stand it." It is painful for me thus to own that I am not always up to the intellectual exigencies of the position, yet, notwithstanding this drawback, my servants, as a rule, remain with me longer than with my neighbors.

AN ADVERTISING BUTLER.

I selected the most promising advertisements in your columns, and wrote to appoint the advertisers to meet me in town. The first that called was a butler. He was a man of some personal appearance, which he evidently thought it his first duty to cultivate. On being ushered into the room, he said he had "embraced the earliest opportunity of obeying my summons." I perceived at once, like Agag, he must be approached delicately, and should have felt some hesitation how to catechise so refined a personage, but that I soon found the question was not whether I should engage him, but whether he would engage me. Did he pay the bills? Had he the entire charge of the cellar, or was there a *sanctum sanctorum* of which I alone kept the key? My answers were not satisfactory.—Had I a groom of the chambers? No. Is such case he concluded I had a valet? I supposed his scrutiny of my dress had not encouraged any exaggerated notion of the value of my "*erurie*," for, on my replying that the butler was the only man out of livery, and officiated as my valet, I saw I was a doomed man. For form's sake, however, he kindly consented to give me one more trial, and inquired whether, under these circumstances, it would be expected of him to bring in tea and coffee after dinner. I told him that I regretted that such would be the case, and he must, indeed, be prepared for any emergency. That I did not think it likely I should ever ask him to make the fourth in a quadrille, but that he would in my house be expected to do everything he was told—except feed the pigs. "That," said I, mildly, "I do myself." On looking up to see the effect of my last observation, he was disappearing in the doorway.

A FEMALE APPLICANT.

The next applicant was a cook and housekeeper. She was pleased slightly to touch on her autobiography,—just sufficient to inform me that she had "always lived in the best of families," and then, like the butler, proceeded to ascertain whether I should suit her. Her first question, also, was—Did she pay the bills? Did I come to town every year? When in the country did the farm supply the house, and did I kill one sheep or two per week? When in town, did I have "hampers of fruit and vegetables up regular which was mostly very ill-convenient?"—When my examination was at an end, I said—"Mrs. Jones, you were only three months at your last place, nine at the previous one, eleven at the one before that. It seems to me these were rather short periods." "Oh," said she, "they were such dooses of missuss; but in course your lady is a real lady, and keeps herself to herself."

BAD STATE OF AFFAIRS.

The whole system of service as at present understood in England, is rotten at the core. "All play and pay" is the cry, and "meat meals five times a day, and port and sherry kitchen wine," the only maxim of the servants' hall.

Apropos of those five meals, I am satisfied there must be some curiously digestive property in plush, else how is it that "Jeames," having breakfasted at half-past eight, and being about to dine at one, requires a luncheon at eleven? How is it that having dined at one, if you order the carriage at two to drive to a neighbor a mile off, he is invariably asked whether he will have anything? as invariably answers, "Well, don't care if I do," and straightway disappears into the servants' hall to browse upon buffalo, and drink any number of horns of ale? You or I could not so overtax our digestive organs. Lasso a boy running wild at a plough, clothe him in livery, and at the end of a week ask him to pump; he will tell you it is not his place.—He is no hewer of wood or drawer of water. When the governess comes back from her short holiday, will Jeames de la Pluche condescend to take up her little bonnet box, which weighs a few ounces? Certainly not. It is really time some remedy were applied, or we shall soon be worse off than the emigrant on his way to the backwoods, who, on seeing his loaded wagon standing out in the rain, suggested to his newly engaged "help" that it had better be drawn under shelter, and received for answer, "Well, I guess it had oughter, leastways I should pull it in if it was mine."

WHAT PRIDE DOES FOR US.—We have always admired the shrewdness of that divine who, on announcing a collection, insisted that nobody should put a penny in the purse who could not fully pay up his debts. Of course nobody could be induced to withhold a liberal contribution, for, such is human pride, most men would rather beggar themselves by ostentatious charity than confess to a poverty which might subject them to the humiliation of being pitied. Pride is a very expensive luxury. How comfortably could all but the poorest live, had they less of it! And yet, without it, what would sustain them in their hours of tribulation?

A BRIEF HISTORY,

IN THREE PARTS, WITH A SEQUEL.

PART I.—LOVE.

A glance—a thought—a blow—
It stings him to the core.
A question—will it lay him low?
Or will time heal it o'er?

He kindles at the name—
He sits and thinks apart;
Time blows and blows it to a flame
Burning within his heart.

He loves it though it burns,
And nurses it with care;
He feels the blissful pain by turns
With hope and with despair.

PART II.—COURTSHIP.

Sonnets and serenades,
Sighs, glances, tears and vows,
Gifts, tokens, souvenirs, parades,
And courteous and bows.

A purpose and a prayer:
The stars are in the sky—
He wonders how e'en Hope should dare
To let him aim so high!

Still Hope allures and flatters,
And Doubt just makes him bold;
And so, with passion all in tatters,
The trembling tale is told.

Apologies and blushes,
Soft looks, averted eyes,
Each heart into the other rushes,
Each yields and wins a prize.

PART III.—MARRIAGE.

A gathering of fond friends,
Brief, solemn words, and prayer—
A trembling to the fingers' ends,
As hand in hand they swear.

Sweet cake, sweet wine, sweet kisses,
And so the deed is done;
Now for life's woes and blisses,
The wedded two are one.

And down the shining stream
They launch their buoyant skiff,
Bless'd, if they may but trust Hope's dream,
But ah! Truth echoes "If!"

THE SEQUEL—"IF."

If health be firm—if friends be true—
If self be well controlled—
If tastes be pure—if wants be few
And not too often told—

If reason always rules the heart—
If passion own its sway—
If love, for aye, to life imparts
The zest it does to-day—

If Providence, with parent care,
Mete out the varying lot—
While meek contentment bows to share
The palace or the cot—

And, oh! if Faith, sublime and clear,
The spirit upward guide—
Then blessed, indeed, and blessed fore'er,
The bridegroom and the bride.

MR. BUBB.

Any one who has ever visited Cheke Mallow will agree with me that it is eminently genteel. Its gentility is, in fact, its chief characteristic,—the one point that serves to distinguish it from the half-dozen other ordinary watering-places that dot the same line of coast within a distance of thirty miles. For Cheke Mallow not only welcomes to its boarding-houses a migratory host of fashionable visitors during the summer and autumn months, but it can also boast of a number of "highly genteel" and even aristocratic families, who for sundry reasons—health of body and health of pocket, chiefly—make it their permanent residence. As a natural consequence, society in Cheke Mallow is somewhat exclusive, and must know a great deal about you, and that to your advantage, before making you free of its mysteries. "No common people admitted," is the unspoken, but perfectly understood rule, among the denizens of Cheke Mallow; proof of breeding or proof of wealth you must give, if you do not wish to be tabooed: show proof of both, and you may be worshipped.

But even in this marine paradise there is a small but necessary substratum of common people—tradesmen, shop-keepers, and such like—people who cannot be dispensed with; and, lower than these, what may be termed the primary stratum—fishermen and laborers with their wives and families, who earn their bread by the sweat of their brows and the strength of their arms; but both these classes, primary and secondary, are politely ignored by the "genteel" world of Cheke Mallow, and as this is a "highly genteel" narrative, we will adopt the same method.

I need hardly say that Cheke Mallow has not, as yet, been invaded by a railway. The nearest station is ten miles away, to which fact the exclusive character of the place may, perhaps, be in some measure attributed; for the facilities afforded by a railway would doubtless be more or less fatal to its gentility. But if rather behind the age in this respect, it is not wanting in most of the other blessings of civilization. It contains several hotels, large in size and dear in charge; it has two terraces of boarding-houses facing the sea, all furnished in the most elegant style; it has numerous pony-chaises, tame hacks, and phaetons, and any quality of fashionable millinery on the backs of its young ladies.

Such being the place, and such the people, anyone but partially acquainted with Mr. Bubb might naturally have wondered why he, of all men in the world, should have chosen Cheke Mallow for his permanent residence. He came down from London, it was supposed; and after staying for a week at one of the hotels, took, for a term of seven years, that small but comfortable family-mansion, commonly called "The White House," together with the plot of garden-ground pertaining thereto. Ten days afterwards a quantity of second-hand furniture arrived from the nearest market-town, evidently the product of a broker's-shop; for such a diverse and incongruous assortment of articles could have been picked up nowhere else; and the White House soon put on a habitable appearance.

It had stood empty for a considerable time, for, though situate in the better part of the town, it was too small, and too ordinary looking, for the needs of a genteel family. Mr. Bubb, having engaged a housekeeper—a woman, old, taciturn, and partially deaf—proceeded at once to occupy his new home. He was a complete stranger in Cheke Mallow; none of the inhabitants had ever seen him before. He was a thin, active wiry man, apparently about sixty years old, with a hard, dry face, and a quiet, self-composed manner. He was a man of few words, seldom speaking unless first addressed, and never seeming to trouble himself with anyone's affairs but his own. He dressed, summer and winter, in a suit of brown cloth that never seemed to require renewing, or to become worse for wear; he was not particular as to the quality of his hat, and his shoes were more roomy than elegant. His tastes quickly developed themselves in his new home. He was fond of flowers in general, and of hollyhocks in particular, as his garden testified every summer after his arrival at Cheke Mallow. He was addicted to fishing, and a favorable morning seldom passed without seeing him sally forth with rod and basket. He had a predilection for tobacco, and would sit for hours on summer evenings in his little arbor, blowing the fragrant weed, while calmly contemplating the growth of his flowers, or busy in the manufacture of artificial flies. His literary requirements were generally satisfied by a perusal of the "Times," purchased at half-price from the nearest hotel two days after date; though he had a small stock of books besides, as a resource for rainy weather. Mr. Bubb had evidently no fixed occupation, but might, with propriety, be termed a gentleman living on his means. It was noticed at the post-office—but that was after he became famous—that he never received above three or four letters a year, and those evidently of a business character; it was further observed that twice every year, at Midsummer and Christmas, he received from London a hamper of wine.

Such was the individual who invaded Cheke Mallow, and there sat down to spend the evening of his days. He might have lived there for a century without being known beyond the narrow circle of tradespeople with whom he dealt, but for one little circumstance to which I shall presently allude.

As he seemed to be a man utterly without pretension, as he urged neither wealth nor breeding in his favor—and by breeding I, of course, mean proof of good family—he remained utterly unknown to, and unnoticed by, the polite and fashionable world that flattered close before his eyes. Not that he was a man to worry himself about such a trifle as; summer and winter he went on fishing, growing enormous hollyhocks, and smoking his meerschaum: and if the world quietly ignored the existence of such an individual as David Bubb, that gentleman could afford to, and did, as a matter of course, reciprocate the compliment.

In the third year of his residence at Cheke Mallow, Mr. Bubb was taken ill. He caught cold one day while fishing, and an attack of influenza was the result. Mr. Bubb had medical advice at once; the advice, indeed, of no less a person than Jabez Flotsam, Esq., M.D., the fashionable practitioner of Cheke Mallow. The attack was not a very severe one, and the great Flotsam, who had not been for some years back in the habit of entering houses so small and meanly appointed as that of Mr. Bubb, rather pooh-poohed the whole affair, and wondered internally why that lesser luminary, Brimley, had not been called in, instead of himself—the lofty Flotsam.

Mr. Bubb had turned the corner of his illness, and was rapidly progressing towards perfect health. Doctor Flotsam had just looked in to pay his final visit. Mr. Bubb sat in his arm chair, rubbing his hands, and gazing in a weak, shivering way at the fire.

"Doctor, I think I ought to make my will?" said Mr. Bubb, interrogatively.

"Really, sir," replied the doctor, looking at his watch, "that is a private matter on which I am hardly competent to offer an opinion. (*Aside.*) I always thought the old fellow a bore."

"You see, doctor," resumed Mr. Bubb, "when a man has property to bequeath—"

"Eh?" said the doctor, pricking up his ears.

"I say, when a man has property to bequeath; when vast interests, landed and monetary, are at stake; it is only right and proper that one should look forward into the future; and, in order to prevent all subsequent mistakes and confusion, make such arrangements as may be considered necessary and advisable."

"Just so, just so," remarked the doctor blandly, as he settled down into a chair.—"Exactly the sentiments I have always held myself. (*Aside.*) I must give him another call to-morrow. Who would have thought the sly old boy had money!"

"And life is so uncertain, doctor!"

"Ah, it is, indeed, as no one knows better than myself."

"I've lived, doctor, for three years in Cheke Mallow; and yet, though you may hardly believe it, I don't know above half a dozen people in it. So what I wanted to ask you was, whether you know any respectable lawyer in Cheke Mallow whom you can recommend to me for the drawing up of the sort of deed I require."

"To be sure I do, my dear sir! Jetsam, of Jetsam and Flurry, is the man for you.—Highly respectable. Large experience in that sort of business. Suit you to a hair."

"Jetsam, of Jetsam and Flurry," said Mr. Bubb, taking a note of it.

"I will not fail to look in upon you to-morrow," said Dr. Flotsam, rising to take his leave, and extending a white hand for his patient to shake—a condescension, by-the-by, which he had never dreamt of exercising towards him before. "Another bottle of the mixture will set you on your legs again, as hale and hearty as ever, and make your will so much waste paper for ever so many years to come."

Mr. Bubb was duly waited upon by Mr. Jetsam. The will was drawn up, signed, and witnessed; and then delivered into the custody of the lawyer. Mr. Bubb had asked Dr. Flotsam to act as one of his executors; and the doctor, after making a few half-and-half excuses, which Mr. Bubb easily overruled, allowed himself to be so appointed. A Mr. Pybus of Piccadilly, London, was named by Mr. Bubb as the other executor; and the will was duly witnessed by Mr. Jetsam's clerk, and Mr. Bubb's deaf, old housekeeper.

The week following this transaction, Mr. Jetsam having a small dinner-party, sent an invitation to Mr. Bubb, which that gentleman accepted. A fortnight later, Dr. Flotsam also had a dinner-party, at which Mr. Bubb was a welcome guest.

The world of Cheke Mallow felt itself a little scandalised at finding a person so unknown to fame as Mr. Bubb invited to its bosom; and but that Messrs. Flotsam and Jetsam possessed its full and complete confidence, would have felt inclined to rebel, and to give, politely but decisively, the cold shoulder to a person of no pretensions, such as they considered Mr. Bubb to be. One or two gentlemen, in fact, did whisper to their neighbors "Who is this Mr. Bubb? Never met the fellah before." His greatness had not at that time dawned upon them.

But, not long after this, there emanated, no one knew whence, nobody knew how—for Messrs. Flotsam and Jetsam were discreet gentlemen, both—a report that Mr. Bubb was a man of property; a wealthy man; a man who owned a large estate in Yorkshire; who was a considerable holder of mining and railway shares; a man with a heavy balance at his bankers. That there was a certain nephew, at present in India, who was heir to the whole of this property; that the fact of Mr. Bubb keeping up such a small, not to say shabby, establishment was to be considered merely as the whim of an old man tired, probably, of the bustle and *eclat* always attendant on wealth; and desirous of passing the evening of his days in the peaceful pursuit of those simple hobbies to which he was addicted. Cheke Mallow was electrified; the breath, figuratively speaking, was knocked out of it; it stood aghast. What! to think that there had resided, under its very nose, as one may say, and for three whole years, unknown to everybody, unblest by the visitations of good society, uncharmed by the fascinations of fashion, a man who was now understood to be fabulously rich; a man, old and eccentric, it is true, but with a young and marriageable nephew for his successor, who in time might also settle in Cheke Mallow! Mammon and Cupid, what an oversight! It was terrible to think of. Something must be done, and that immediately, to repair such a fearful omission. Yes, from that day forth Mr. Bubb should be the pet and idol of all the ladies, young and old, in Cheke Mallow.

Such was the decision of the Honorable Mrs. Teddington, first cousin to Mrs. Flotsam, and leading fan. It is the intention of the company, now that they have obtained Parliamentary powers for opening the streets to lay down their tubes, to establish a line between St. Martin's-le-Grand and one of the district post-offices, and ultimately to extend their system throughout the metropolis, so as to connect the railway stations and public offices.

Some successful experiments were made on Tuesday. One trip was made in sixty seconds, and a second in fifty-five seconds, the distance being a quarter of a mile. Two gentleman occupied the carriages during the first trip. They lay on their backs on mattresses, with horse-cloths for coverings, and appeared to be perfectly satisfied with their journey. It is calculated that the carriages will eventually move through the tubes at the rate of from thirty to forty miles an hour.

THE NEW MODE OF SENDING LETTERS AND PARCELS.

We have several times alluded to the principal features of the Pneumatic Dispatch for the conveyance of letters and parcels—which is now being tested in London, as depicted in the accompanying engraving.

The chief feature of the invention consists in propelling a train of carriages through a tube by the creation of a vacuum before them; the tube being in fact, the cylinder, and the carriages the piston. A piece of ground adjoining the Victoria Railway Bridge at Battersea, has been selected for testing the project. Here upward of a quarter of a mile of the tubing has been laid down; various irregular curves and gradients being introduced to show that hills and valleys would not prevent the effective working of the system. The apparatus certainly works well. With an exhaustion varying from seven inches to eleven inches of water, or from four ounces to six ounces per square inch, the speed is about twenty-five miles an hour. The tube through which the dispatch trucks are drawn is not circular in form, but of a section resembling that of an ordinary railway tunnel; the internal height being two feet nine inches, the width at the springing of the arch (the top being semi cirular) two feet six inches, and at the springing of the invert (for the tube has a segmental bottom) two feet four inches. The tube is of cast iron, in nine feet lengths, each weighing about one ton, and fitted into each other with an ordinary socket joint, packed with lead. Within the tube, and at the lower angles on either side, are cast raised ledges, two inches wide on the top, and one inch high, answering the purpose of rails for the wheels of the despatch trucks to run upon. The latter are made of a framing seven or eight feet long, inclosed in sheet iron, and having four flanged wheels, twenty inches in diameter each. The whole truck is so made that its external form, in cross section, conforms to that of the tube, although it does not fit it closely, *an intervening space of an inch or so being left all around.* Some light india rubber flanges or rings are applied at each end of the truck, but even these do not actually fit the inner surface of the tube, *a slight "windage" being left around the whole truck.* There is, therefore, no friction beyond that of the wheels; and the leakage of air, under a pressure of four or five ounces per square inch, amounts to but little. The air is exhausted, from near one end of the tube, by means of an exhausting apparatus, from which the air is discharged by centrifugal force. Some idea of this apparatus, which is very simple, may be found by comparing it to an ordinary exhausting fan. It is the intention of the company, now that they have obtained Parliamentary powers for opening the streets to lay down their tubes, to establish a line between St. Martin's-le-Grand and one of the district post-offices, and ultimately to extend their system throughout the metropolis, so as to connect the railway stations and public offices.

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citadel itself was taken by storm. Mrs. T., to be sure, might have obtained an introduction to Mr. Bubb in the ordinary way of such things; but that would have been rather too hum-drum for her; she preferred something with a dash of the romantic in it. Mr. Bubb hastily slipped his pipe into a drawer, and brought out some wine and biscuits. But Miss Julia, dear girl, could not touch the wine. She had a bad headache. Perhaps a cup of tea would do her good, and she must have one as soon as she reached home.

"Tea!" burst out Mr. Bubb. "If a cup of tea will do you good, you shall have one in ten minutes. I flatter myself that I am somewhat of a connoisseur in tea; let me try my hand at brewing you a cup. Would they not all take a cup at the same time?"

After a polite show of resistance they yielded to Mr. Bubb's entreaties on one condition, which was, that as their host's housekeeper was from home, they should get the meal ready themselves. No sooner said than done. Miss Georgina set about arranging the tea-tray, while Mrs. Teddington herself put on one of the housekeeper's clean aprons, and set to work to cut a plate of thin bread and butter. Mrs. Paraffine was not behind the others, I assure you. She went into the garden, and cut a dish of cress and lettuce, which, after washing it with her own fair hands, she produced green, crisp, and dripping at the table. Mr. Bubb's face all this time was a study, such a half-puzzled, half-amused air rested on it.

How merry they were over that tea! and how they all enjoyed themselves! After it was over, Miss Julia having recovered from her headache, she and her sister sang a few simple ballads, Mr. Bubb having previously declared his fondness for old-fashioned music. After this, it was time to go; so they put on their bonnets, and bade their host farewell in such a flutter of gratification and thanks, that the old gentleman was almost overwhelmed. No sooner, however, was the garden gate closed behind his visitors than Mr. Bubb exhumed his pipe, and while charging it with tobacco, relieved his feelings by giving vent to a sly, quiet chuckle of intense enjoyment.

Next day, Mrs. Teddington, accompanied by her husband, called on Mr. Bubb to thank him for his hospitality, and to request the honor of his company, at an early date, to dinner at Chintz Lodge. Mr. Bubb promised them the coveted honor.

"That was the best glass of wine I've tasted these ten years," remarked Mr. Teddington to his wife during their return. "I don't think Lord Rufus could produce one equal to it."

"A conclusive proof, my dear, if such were needed, that Mr. Bubb is a gentleman," remarked his sage lady.

After this, the tide of Mr. Bubb's popularity set in deep and strong. The Teddingtons took him by the hand and passed him round to their friends; and Cheke Mallow, to do it justice, endeavored to atone for its previous apathy by the warmth of its present enthusiasm and adulation. Who so popular in the little watering-place as Mr. Bubb soon became? Like a newly-discovered nugget, he was handed round from one to another, gazed at, commented upon (behind his back), admired, flattered, and estimated at far more than his actual value. He was persuaded to show some specimens of hollyhocks at the annual floral meeting, and of course carried away a prize. He was constituted perpetual chairman of the Bluebonnet Club, which met once a week at the Imperial Hotel,—the most exclusive club in Cheke Mallow,—where his dry, quaint stories were always listened to with the utmost respect and attention, though told for the twentieth time.

The Honorable Mrs. Teddington, writing to a friend in London, thus expressed herself on the subject of Mr. Bubb:

"That dear old Mr. Bubb is still with us, and is a frequent visitor at Chintz Lodge, where he is a good deal petted, you may be sure. The girls and I sometimes call upon him at his place. It is well to be as friendly as possible with such a man. What an eccentric old creature it is! Fancy a person of his enormous wealth living in a little stuffy six-roomed house, the furniture in which is hardly worth fifty pounds! But, after all, his motive is a laudable one, for he is understood to be living in this poor way in order that his nephew, who is at present in India, may have as large a fortune as possible after his—Mr. Bubb's—decease. I have once or twice thrown out a few hints respecting this nephew; but the subject is a delicate one, and as the old gentleman is rather reserved on the point, I have not been able to gather much information. This much, however, I have learnt,—that Mr. Bubb, junior, is young and unmarried, both interesting facts to the mother of two girls, the younger of whom is old enough to play at ringo with her birthdays. Whether anything worth while will ever turn up out of this Bubb affair, it is impossible at present to judge. *Mais nous verrons, ma chere.* Meanwhile, I retain the card in my hand."

Mr. Bubb comported himself under his load of honors with the calmness and equanimity of a judge. He held his course unmoved and unchanged, and seemed, if anything, rather to look down on his fine friends never seeking their company, but when in it, giving vent now and then to a few bitter truths, which from any other man would have been resented as impertinences; but coming from an individual of his weight and standing, were accepted as so many proofs of eccentricity and gentlemanly cynicism. He still maintained unaltered his simple, almost sordid mode of life,—sordid in one possessed of such vast wealth. His fishing-rod and rake were in his hands as much as ever; indeed, he found more use for the former now that he had the free range of so many trout-streams, the property of some of his wealthy neighbors. He seldom refused invitations into society, and though he never gave return invitations, which would have been simply absurd in one who lived in so small a house, yet it was well understood that any one was

at liberty to call upon him, and take a chop, or a grilled trout, and a glass of wine, in a quiet, homely way. Such callers were always made welcome, and Mr. Bubb, on such occasions, could always produce a bottle of wine,—or a dozen bottles, if required, of a vintage so rare that the cellars of the great Lord Rufus could have produced but few dozens equal to it. Indeed, wine might be termed the sole expensive luxury in which Mr. Bubb indulged himself and his friends.

"When will Mr. Bubb's nephew make his appearance?" often asked Georgina Teddington of her mamma; but that sage lady could only reply:

"Wait a while, dear. He can't be long now."

There were other young ladies, too, in Cheke Mallow who echoed the same question, and longed for the advent of the wealthy young heir.

When, one wet November morning, it was whispered through Cheke Mallow—and it was a whisper that ran like wildfire—that Mr. Bubb was dead; that he had departed suddenly, and without warning, in the night; an unwonted flutter of interest and curiosity stirred the breast of every individual in the little watering place. At such a stagnant period of the year it was really pleasant to have such a wide field opened out for speculation and gossip; and Mr. Bubb could not have pleased the community better than by dying at such a season.—Mr. Jetsam was immediately summoned; and came, bearing with him a paper which Mr. Bubb had intrusted to his care some six months previously, and which was endorsed "To be opened immediately after my death." In the presence of Dr. Flotsam, the paper was in due form opened, and was found to contain a simple deed of gift, conveying over the whole of Mr. Bubb's household furniture to his deaf old housekeeper, as a token of his good-will, and of the estimation in which he held her services. There were also some directions with regard to his funeral, which he desired might be as plain and simple as possible; and the document wound up by requesting Mr Jetsam to look in the book-case for a copy of "Cotton's translation of Montaigne's Essays," among the leaves of which would be found certain bank notes, sufficient in amount to pay all expenses.

"A striking proof," observed Mr. Jetsam, solemnly, when he had finished reading the document, "of that eccentricity which was such a characteristic of our dear departed friend."

After the funeral, which was attended by representatives of some of the best families in Cheke Mallow, was over, Mr. Jetsam proceeded, in the presence of Dr. Flotsam, and of some three or four other gentlemen, particular friends of the deceased, to open and read the will, which Mr. Bubb had never looked at after the day on which it was drawn up. Mr Jetsam remarked that he had written to Mr Pybus of London, the other executor, but had that morning received his note back through the Dead Letter office, with the remark upon it, "Cannot be found." That, under these circumstances, he thought it would be advisable to read the will at once, but to defer taking any action on it until he had succeeded in discovering the present residence of Mr. Pybus. Mr Jetsam knew, all present knew, that Mr. Richard Bubb of the H. E. I. Company's Service was appointed sole heir; but Mr Jetsam had as yet taken no steps to find out in what part of India Mr. R. Bubb was then stationed, expecting to find among the papers of the deceased some letter or memorandum containing his full address. So Mr. Jetsam read the will to the company assembled; which—not to enter into legal phraseology—declared Richard Bubb, the well-beloved nephew of the testator, to be sole heir to his estate, real and personal; consisting, firstly, of a large farm, known as Chuckstone Farm, in the West Riding of Yorkshire; secondly, of a smaller farm in Suffolk, duly specified by name; thirdly, of twenty thousand pounds in railway shares; fourthly, of a terrace of houses in Bermondsey, London; and, lastly, of five thousand pounds in the Three per Cents., together with whatever balance there might be at his bankers, to the credit of deceased, at the time of his death. Two small legacies of a hundred guineas to each of his executors were the sole claims which the heir was called upon to pay out of this handsome property. The examination of Mr. Bubb's papers was next proceeded with, which papers Mr. Jetsam supposed to be all contained in a certain old-fashioned secretaire, as he had not been able to find any in any other place. This desk Mr. Jetsam had sealed up a few hours after Mr. Bubb's death, without examining its contents, and it was now publicly opened.—Strange to say, however, it did not contain a single letter, memorandum, or account, with the exception of a few butchers' bills, and some receipts for rent. There was a blotting-pad well marked, which showed that Mr. Bubb had sometimes used his pen; and plenty of paper and envelopes; but positively nothing more.

Dr. Flotsam looked rather blankly at Mr. Jetsam, and that gentleman returned the gaze with interest. There was nothing for it but to dissolve the meeting, and to request Mr. Jetsam to lose no time in ascertaining the address of the heir, and of the other executor, and to put himself into immediate communication with those gentlemen.

At the end of a week Mr. Jetsam returned from London, and met the same party of gentleman by appointment at the house of Dr. Flotsam. He came in, looking very blank and dismayed indeed. A few words told all. He had been up to London to make inquiries, but could not find any such name as that of Richard Bubb on the books of the East India Company; neither could he trace any such person as Mr. Pybus; and as a last resource he had been obliged to advertise for both individuals in the "Times." He reported further, that he had referred to a Yorkshire directory, but could not find any such estate as Chuckstone mentioned therein; that he could not discover that any estate in Suffolk had been owned by Mr. Bubb; that there was no such terrace in the parish of Bermondsey as the one named in the will; and, finally, that Glyn and Company never had an account opened with Mr. Bubb.

Mr. Jetsam concluded his fearful narrative by saying, in a solemn tone:

"Gentlemen, it is my humble opinion that we have been made the victims of a tremendous hoax."

But Dr. Flotsam and Mr. Teddington would not see anything of the kind; it was too terrible for belief; they would go up to London themselves, and inquire into the facts of the case. They went, made inquiries, and returned at the end of four days, sadder but wiser men.

Cheke Mallow had a mild fit of insanity when the news was whispered in its ear.—After its recovery, which was a matter of some time, it fought shy of the subject altogether; disliked to hear even the faintest allusion to it; and made its circle more exclusive than ever. There are some, including poor Dr. Flotsam, who still profess to believe in the advent of Mr. Richard Bubb, and that everything will yet be made right. There may be a grain of reason in such a belief; more unlikely things have happened before now. It is not for us to judge the case; but if the reader has any thoughts of visiting Cheke Mallow during the next bathing season, we strongly advise him or her not to mention Mr. Bubb's name while there, but to ignore the subject altogether.

Some six months ago, a cousin of Mrs. Flotsam, who is secretary to an assurance society in London, was visiting at Cheke Mallow. Mrs. F. mentioned the subject in confidence to him.

"Mr. David Bubb?" said the secretary, musingly. "Surely I remember the name. If I recollect rightly, he was down in our books for an annuity of two hundred a year, expirable at death. The fellow had been a traveller, or agent, or something of that kind for a house in the wine and spirit trade. I am not aware that he had any income beyond his annuity. But your Mr. Bubb might be a different man, you know."

There the enigma rests.

Lord Palmerston and the Station Master.

An English correspondent is responsible for the following somewhat improbable story:—"At one of the chief stations on the Great Western Railway is a station master noted for conceit and flunkeyism. One day he descried a gentleman pacing the platform with a cigar in his mouth. Mr. ——— at once accosted the offender, and requested him forthwith to stop smoking. The gentleman took no notice of his command, but continued his walk, emitting a silvery cloud. Mr. ——— repeated his behests more peremptorily than before; but still the owner of the Havana maintained a provoking disregard. A third time the order was repeated, accompanied with 'the threat that if the obstinate sinner did not obey, he would be handed over to the tender mercies of the porters. The stranger took no more heed than before; and so at last Mr ——— pulled the cigar out of the smoker's mouth and threw it away. This violent act produced no more effect than commands and threats, and the peripatetic philosopher continued his walk quite serenely. Presently a carriage drove up —an equipage well known to Mr. ——— as that of the Duke of Beaufort. To his inconceivable horror the refractory smoker entered the said chariot, and drove off to Badminton. Mr. ——— asked in tremulous tones, who the stranger was, and he felt ready to sink into the earth when he heard that it was Viscount Palmerston. He at once ordered a chase and pair, and drove off to Badminton. Arrived there, he sent in his card, and urgently requested a private interview with Lord Palmerston. His Lordship soon appeared, when Mr ——— began a most abject apology for having "so grossly insulted his Lordship; had he known who his Lordship was he would not have so treated his Lordship for the world." The Premier heard the station-master out; then looking down upon him sternly, and with his hands in his pockets, said, "Sir, I respected you because I thought you were doing your duty like a Briton; but now I see you are nothing but a snob." And thus ended the station-master's interview with the Premier.

FRIENDS TILL DEATH.—Commodore Billings in his account of his expedition to the northern coasts of Russia, says that when he and Mr. Mann were on the river Rebime, they were attended by a young man from Kanoga, an island between Kamschatka and North America. One day Mr. Mann asked him:—"What will the savages do to me if I fall into their power?" "Sir," said the youth, "you will never fall into their power if I remain with you. I always carry a sharp knife; and if I see you pursued and unable to escape, I will plunge my knife into your heart; then the savages can do nothing more to you." These recall the words of the French knight reported by Joinville: "Swear to me," said Queen Margaret, "that if the Saracens become masters of Damietta, you will cut off my head before they can take me." "Willingly," replied the knight, "I had already thought of doing so, should the contingency arrive."

☞ The heavens are a print from the pen of God's perfection; the world is a bud from the bower of His beauty; the sun is a spark from the light of His wisdom; and the sky is a bubble on the sea of His power.

☞ PARIS.—The returns of the late census show the population of Paris to be 1,700,000 people.

☞ Many public men consider themselves the pillars of the state, who are more properly the caterpillars of the state, reaching their high position only by crawling.

The Disaster to the Great Eastern.

The following account of the disaster to the Great Eastern comes by the latest arrival from Liverpool:—

The Great Eastern left her moorings in the River Mersey at 11 o'clock on Tuesday, the 10th of September. The pilot left her at 4 o'clock. Immediately putting on full speed, all went well with her until 4 o'clock on Thursday, when, a strong breeze prevailing, the aft tackle of one of the forward boats on the port side became unhooked, leaving it suspended by one tackle. The captain endeavored to steady the ship while this was rectified, but found, to his surprise, that the ship would not answer the helm. The fact was, though it was not known at the time, the rudder-pin was broken. The fore-staysail was run up, but the wind immediately split it into ribbons. The fore-trysail was then run up, but it was blown away. The paddle engines were now stopped, and the boats ordered to be cut away, when the Great Eastern once more started on her course. The passengers then went down to dinner, and from that moment commenced a chaos of breakages which lasted without intermission for three days. Everything breakable was destroyed. Furniture, fittings, services of plate, glasses, plans—all were involved in one common fate. It now became known that the rudder was unmanageable. About 6 o'clock the vessel had to be stopped again, owing to two rolls of sheet lead, weing some hundred weight each, which were in the engine-room, rolling about with every oscillation of the vessel, with fearful force. These having been secured, another start was made, when a tremendous grinding was heard under the paddle-boxes, which had become twisted, and the floats were grinding against the side of the ship. The paddles were stopped, and thence forward the scene is described as fearful in the extreme. The ship rolled so violently that the boats were washed away. The cabin, besides undergoing the dangers arising from the crashes and collisions which were constantly going on, had shipped, probably through the port holes, a great deal of water, and the stores were floating about in utter confusion and ruin. Some of the chandeliers fell down with a crash. A large mirror was smashed into a thousand fragments; rails and bannisters, bars and numerous other fittings were broken into numberless pieces.

Some idea of the roughness of the night's incidents may be gathered from the fact that the chain cables polished themselves bright with friction on deck. A spare riding bin gave way on the cable deck and knocked a hole through the ship's side. Two oil tanks also on the cable deck were so much damaged by accompanying that two hundred gallons of fish oil contained in them ran into the hold, and caused, during the rest of the unhappy voyage, a most intolerable odor. The luggage of the passengers, in the lower after cargo space, was lying in two feet of water, and before the deliverance of the ship was effected, the luggage was literally reduced to rags and pieces of timber. Twenty-five fractures of limbs occurred from the concussions caused from the tremendous lurching of the vessel. Cuts and bruises were innumerable. One of the cooks on board was cast violently by one of the lurches against the paddle-box, by which he sustained fearful bruises on the arms, putting it out of his power to protect himself. Another lurch drove him against one of the stanchions, by which concussion one of the poor fellow's legs was broken in three places. The baker received injuries of a very similar character in vital parts, and one of the most striking incidents of the disaster was this poor, brave man, crawling in his agony to extinguish some portion of the baking gear, which, at that moment, had caught fire.

On Thursday night the gale was from the southwest, but on Friday morning it had turned round to the northwest, and the ship was drifting an unmanageable log in the trough of the sea. She did not ship much water on deck. It was soon discovered what was the matter with the rudder. The pin upon which it had turned had broken off three feet above the point where it entered the stern of the ship. It was wrought iron, ten inches in diameter, and the iron appeared thoroughly good, breaking at that particular point where it appeared the strongest, which was one of the most curious incidents of the disaster. It was now found necessary to rig up some kind of steering gear. A spar was thrown overboard with the anchor fluke attached, which, dragging in the water behind the ship might bring her head to the wind, but the dragging of the rudder made it useless, and a plan was then suggested to the captain by the passengers, to which the escape of the vessel is probably attributable. It was, to pass two or three turns of the chain cable round the rudder, immediately below the point at which the breakage occurred, and secure it with wedges and small chains by pulling either end of this chain cable. A circular motion of the pin was produced, and a connection being effected with the usual chains attached to the rudder, and a temporary wheel rigged up below the deck, a shift was made once more to proceed, but the screw of the vessel upon which the locomotion now depended, hardly a vestige of the paddles remaining, soon stopped, it being fouled by the rudder, by which the rudder was prevented from veering more than was necessary to steer the ship.

All of Friday was occupied with these arrangements. The ship had drifted up the west coast of Ireland, out of the ordinary track of Saturday night. The brig Magnet, of Halifax, hove in sight, and came alongside and laid to for the purpose of rendering assistance. Sunday, at 3 o'clock, the Great Eastern got under way; the rudder was found to act, and the vessel proceeded nine knots an hour with the screw alone. She met the Persia the next morning, and signalled her to come under the lee, which the Persia did, but she proceeding, the Great Eastern did not lessen her speed, and it was supposed and concluded that her intentions were unfair. The Great Eastern put on her best speed as soon beyond call. All attempt was made at an explanation, but the Persia was too far off. The Great Eastern continued her course Tuesday morning, and reached the head of Kinsale, where she stopped for hours to arrange her tackle. She signalled the shore, but no notice was taken of her. At 4 o'clock she arrived at Cork, and a small vessel came off to assist her, and the harbor was soon reached.

PECUNIARY ADVANTAGES OF ENLISTING.—The bill recently passed by Congress, raising the pay of volunteers to $13 per month, board and clothing found, makes soldiering not a very bad business, viewed in a pecuniary light. The pay amounts to $156 a year, with $42 for clothing; making $198 a year, and rations found. To this must be added the $100 bounty and the land warrant. If the war should last but one year, reckoning the 160 acres of land at $1,25 per acre, the pay would reach the very respectable sum of $498, for the year's rations. Many a young man out of employment would jump at the chance of making so good a salary.

☞ A TYPOGRAPHICAL ERROR.—In a fashionable novel the author says, "Lady Emma trembled, grew pale, and immediately fainted." The printer putting *p* instead of *f*, rendered it, "The lady grew pale, and immediately *painted*."

THE WAR IN MISSOURI.

EVACUATION OF LEXINGTON BY THE REBELS—STURGIS DRIVES THEM OVER THE RIVER AGAIN—THEY MOVE WEST TOWARDS INDEPENDENCE.—PROSPECT OF SERIOUS WORK.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 4th.—Capt. Read, of the Lexington Home Guards, and afterwards of Col. White's Fourteenth Missouri Regiment, who escaped from the rebels on Monday last, has arrived in this city. He confirms the report that Gen. Price's army had evacuated Lexington.

Gen. Harris's division, six thousand strong, crossed the river last Saturday, and when about six miles from Lexington, they met a Federal force, said to have been under Gen. Sturgis, when a battle ensued. Little is known of the affair, other than that Harris's force was driven back with the loss of his transportation train and equipage.

Gen. Harris reached the river about midnight, closely followed by Gen. Sturgis, and immediately began to transport his men across in ferry boats, under a galling fire of Federal musketry.

Many of the rebels swam the river in their impatience to get across, and they spread exaggerated reports of Gen. Sturgis's strength throughout the city.

One of the ferry boats is reported to have sunk, and a large number of rebels are said to have been killed or wounded.

On Sunday evening, Gen. Price began to evacuate the town, and his troops were constantly departing until 6 o'clock on Monday evening, when the last regiment left.

Capt. Read heard some of the rebels say they were going to Baker's Hill, a commanding eminence eight miles southwest of Lexington, which they would fortify, and make a stand there.

They seemed to think that Fremont and Sigel were approaching with forty thousand men.

Capt. Read says that Major Seviere, the rebel Provost-Marshal of Lexington, told him on Friday last that 46,000 rations were issued on that day.

Gen. Sturgis had not crossed the river up to Monday night, and nothing definite was known regarding his strength.

Major Baker, who also escaped in the confusion of the evacuation, thinks Gen. Price's effective force numbers about 25,000, in addition to which he has some 15,000 irregular troops, whose principal occupation is foraging, but this portion of the army had pretty much left the main body before Baker escaped.

When they first left Lexington, Major Baker thinks it was the intention of Price to march direct to Georgetown; but information having been brought to him that Gen. Sigel was advancing with forty thousand men, he moved westward, towards Independence.

Our forces are mostly stationed at Otterville, Sedalia and Georgetown. The distance from Otterville to Sedalia is twelve miles, and from Sedalia to Georgetown four miles. Sigel commands the advance. We have also something of a force under Gen. Pope, at Booneville, twenty five miles northeast of Sedalia. Sedalia is nearly south of Lexington.

WHY GENERAL FREMONT COULD NOT RELIEVE GENERAL LYON.—The St. Louis Democrat of the 4th, shows why Gen. Lyon was not reinforced. It states that the entire forces under Gen. Fremont, on the 2nd of August, including the entire command of 4,000, was 19,315 troops, of which 12,556 were three months men, whose term of enlistment was fast expiring, leaving an actual force of only 6,759 for the entire department.

Of this force Gen. Lyon had 2,939 men—the balance, 4,439 men, being the total strength of Gen. Fremont's force.

At this time Cairo, Bird's Point, and Paducah were menaced by the rebel forces, which were accumulating, and the President had ordered Gen. Fremont to take all his available troops and reinforce those points, for which service only 4,126 men, including upward of 900 St. Louis Home Guards, could be raised.

Rolla being the terminus of the south west branch of the Pacific railroad, was at this time the depot of a large quantity of valuable army stores and munitions, and was protected by Col. Sweeney's regiment of cavalry and Col. Wilman's Thirteenth Illinois regiment. The former regiment was ordered to march to Springfield, but, in consequence of the total absence of means for transportation, it could not move.

The Democrat's article also shows the distribution of troops throughout the state at that time, and the time at which the three months regiments were disbanded; and in conclusion says that, under the circumstances, General Fremont was thoroughly exonerated from blame by the very men who are now loudest in condemning him.

A CONSISTENT TRAITOR.—On the Fairfax turnpike, west of Bailey's Cross Roads, resides an old farmer named Sidmore. He is a violent secessionist, and has never ceased to utter his imprecations against the government. A guard is stationed near the house—only, however, for a surveillance over the road—and Sidmore rather than communicate with them, has locked himself in the upper story of his house. Two days since he called his slaves—seven in number—together, and told them to leave his house and never return —that they were "a pack of d—d Unionists, and he would not have anybody about him with such infernal sentiments." The slaves grinningly submitted to the infliction, and darted for the camp of the New York Eighteenth, where they are now quartered.

THE EFFECT AT ST. LOUIS.—When the false report of the removal of Fremont reached St. Louis, the secessionists were delighted, while the Union men were greatly cast down, and the troops greatly excited. A recruiting rendezvous for an Irish regiment was closed on receipt of the news; and a meeting for the formation of a Home Guard, adjourned without action. The following despatch was published the next day from the Secretary of State:

WASHINGTON, Oct. 3.—Gen. Fremont is not ordered to Washington, nor from the field. Nor is any Court Martial ordered concerning him.

(Signed,) WM. H. SEWARD.

NEW ENGLAND REGIMENTS.—The St. Louis News complains that New England has furnished only seventeen regiments for the war. The Springfield Republican sets the matter right by showing that Massachusetts alone has sent the seventeen, and has six more under way—the other states make up an aggregate of thirty-six regiments, and others forming will make the total at least fifty. But Massachusetts ought to send 30,000 men, and the whole of New England about 80,000, to come up to their quotas of 500,000.

At the recent meeting of the Philadelphia Baptist Association a series of resolutions was adopted, among which was the following:—

Resolved, That in our present national troubles, we recognize the judgments of Heaven upon our national sins, among which, as not the least, we confess the sin of human slavery, and earnestly pray for the time when, in some wise and just way, the last vestige of this evil shall be banished from our land.

☞ Frederick the Great, in one of his battles, happening to turn his head round saw his nephew fall to the ground, his horse being killed under him. Thinking the rider was shot, he cried, without stopping, "The Prince of Prussia is killed, look out for his saddle and bridle." Yet some persons having imagined that Walter Scott exaggerated when he drew Captain Dalgetty stopping to skin his horse in the thick of a battle! Is not the historical incident of the great King of Prussia, quite as avaricious and a good deal more heartless!

☞ In the Roman civil wars, Silo, the Rebel General, after defeating Cepio, endeavored to entice Marius out of his strong position, and sent him word, "Marius, if thou art a great General, come down and fight me." But Marius proved himself a great General by disregarding the taunt, and returned for answer, "Silo, if thou art a great General, *make* me come down to fight thee." Marius took his time, and Silo was subsequently defeated and perished, and with him ended the rebellion of which he was the master spirit and best General.

☞ The Louisville Democrat says:—A Mr. Edmondson, of Springfield, Missouri, had his horse taken from him by the secessionists, and its value nominally handed to him in Confederate scrip. Upon his application to General Price, the horse was returned, and he handed back the scrip. "Never mind," said the officer, "it isn't worth a d—n, anyhow."

☞ The London Athenæum says of Whittier—"He has the soul of some old Norseman buttoned up under the Quaker's coat, and the great burst of heart will often peril the whole of the buttons, whilst the speaker, with all his native energy and a manly mouth, is preaching brotherly love and driving it in."

☞ Blessed is he who has nothing, for he shall not lose it. A poor Frenchman, when his wife aroused him from his sleep with the cry, "Get up, Baptiste, there is a robber in the house," answered, sensibly, "Don't let us molest him. Let him explore the house, and if he should find anything of any value we will take it away from him."

☞ Michael Angelo, after having painted the ceiling of the Sistine chapel, experienced a singular incommodity. He could see hardly anything when he looked down; if he wished to read a letter, he had to hold in over his head. This trouble lasted for several months.

☞ Some one said to Dr. Petit, "You are such a skillful anatomist, you ought to know every ill that flesh is heir to." "That is true," replied the doctor; "but we a re like the porters of Paris, who know all the streets, but don't know what is passing in the houses."

☞ A "maiden lady," whose "school keepin'" and age have made fearful havoc with her beauty, said one evening to one of her little boarders, "Now, Johnny, you get to bed early and always do so, and you will be rosy-cheeked and handsome when you grow up." The little codger looked up quizzically into her wrinkled countenance, and said, "Well, aunty, I guess you used to sit up late a good deal when you was young, didn't you?"

☞ As flowers never put on their best clothes for Sunday, but wear their spotless raiment and exhale their odor every day, so let your life, free from stain, ever give forth the fragrance of the love of God.

☞ King James I. gave all manner of liberty and encouragement to the exercise of buffoonery, and took great delight in it himself. Happening once to bear somewhat hard on one of his Scotch courtiers, "By my soul," returns the peer, "he that made your Majesty a King spoiled the best fool in Christendom."

☞ Where I see a house well furnished with books and papers, there I see intelligent and well-informed children; but if there are no books or papers, the children are ignorant, if not profligate.—*Franklin.*

☞ Lieut. Robert H. Allen, of the New Hampshire Third, was waited upon, while in camp at Concord, by a Massachusetts lady, who expressed a wish to go to the war; the gallant son of Mars said he would take her, and they were married the same evening.—This was something of the "double quick" movement.

☞ In two places all men are equal—the church and the graveyard. Pride, however, in the former, separates sinners into classes; in the other, places monuments over choice clay, and sods over the dust and ashes.

☞ SOUTHERN CONFISCATION.—By the confiscation of the property of Northern men in the South, by the Confederate Congress, it is estimated that three hundred million dollars' worth will be confiscated, fifty millions of which is in New Orleans.

☞ The smartest young butcher in New York is named Gorman. He can kill and dress a sheep in four minutes and twenty-four seconds, and did it on Wednesday for a wager. His competitor, a veteran butcher, named Darby, occupied six minutes and twenty-six seconds in performing the operation.

☞ The Louisville Democrat, in a brilliant leader, pathetically inquires, "Can any good come out of Louisiana?" If there is any good in that state it will come out of it forever, at the first opportunity.

☞ WHEN WE WILL HAVE PEACE.—A distinguished Salt Lake Mormon elder makes the prediction—or rather expresses, as he calls it, the decided opinion—that the United States will see no peace until Brigham Young takes the government in hand, which glorious consummation is to be brought about before long!

☞ A lady asked a physician's advice about a certain fashionable medicine. "Excellent, madam," replied the doctor; but don't lose any time about it, for remedies of this kind are only good for six months."

☞ A lady must think she has something valuable in her head, if we may judge from the number of locks she has on it.

NEWS ITEMS.

SULLIVAN'S ISLAND.—Since the Hatteras affair, the families have been ordered off, and most of the buildings have been torn down, lest the "Yankees" should use them should they take Charleston. Every part of the island is being fortified, and a large number of soldiers are now at work there throwing up fortifications. *All the guns on the island and neighboring fortifications, except those in Fort Moultrie, were sent to Virginia*, but after the arrival of the Hatteras news, they were ordered back, and they are constantly returning, and are being replaced so as to defend the harbor and its approaches.

A LETTER to the New Orleans Delta, dated Camp Leesburg, Sept. 7, says:—"*Thank Heaven, our commanders are as fully informed of all Northern movements as if telegraph wires ran into the offices of the Department of Washington*, and, despite all threats of Fort Lafayette, our agents are numerous and reckless, braving every danger, and successfully accomplishing their hazardous missions, with the stealthiness of Crows or Blackfeet Indians."

THE longest train of cars, probably, ever coupled together, passed recently over the New York Central Railroad on the way West. It consisted of over two hundred cars, measuring nearly a mile and a half in length, and drawn by five locomotives. Of course but few of the cars, going in that direction, were loaded. They were all bound for Buffalo, to be there loaded with Western produce for the Eastern market; and that single train would carry an unlimited quantity of it.

IT is now ascertained that the total expenses of the war amount to over eight millions a week. Much of the money now used, it must be remembered, is invested in war vessels, arms, and such other articles as will last throughout the war, so that even with an increased army the expenditures will decrease.

GEN. FREMONT, being unable to procure enough sabres for his cavalry, has ordered the manufacture of 2,500 lances.

THE honey crop of France is this year one of the most abundant ever known. In some hives in the southern provinces there have already been three swarms of bees.

PROCLAMATION.—Governor Morgan, of New York, has issued his proclamation appointing Thursday, November 28th, as a day of "Praise, Thanksgiving and Prayer to Almighty God."

SIX gun vessels recently arrived at Fortress Monroe, two of which were captured at Hatteras Inlet, and four at Beaufort, North Carolina.

GEN. SHIELDS, having removed to Sinaloa, Mexico, to recruit his health, declines the appointment of Brigadier General.

TEN companies of U. S. troops, surrounded, attacked and routed a body of rebels at Chapmansville, Western Virginia, killing 60 and capturing 70. Seventy-five rebels, it is said, were intercepted by Colonel Hyatt, who killed 40 and took a large number of prisoners.

A LETTER received at St. Louis from New Orleans, gives a report that a fleet of seventy U. S. vessels, large and small, was then coming up the river, to attack New Orleans. Doubtful.

A MONKEY owned by an Edinburgh shopkeeper lately snatched from its mother's arms a baby twelve months old, and with its teeth and nails nearly tore it to pieces before it could be rescued.

A PRESBYTERIAN clergyman named Scott, having taken a religious meeting in San Francisco opposed a Union resolution, his church was mobbed. The next day he resigned his pastorship, and made arrangements to sail for Europe.

SOME hundred and fifty mutineers having arrived at Fortress Monroe en route to Tortugas, Gen. Wool, after a severe lecture, gave them a chance to redeem their lost honor, which they eagerly embraced, and were mustered into a New York regiment.

THE first Jewish hotel ever opened in the capital of Austria, and employing none but Hebrew servants, has just published its advertisements in Vienna.

THE safety of the Great Eastern, it appears, was due to a Yankee, named Hamilton, of Boston, by whom the temporary steering gear was arranged, without which the big ship would have been entirely unmanageable, and doubtless would have become a complete wreck.

FROM Western Virginia we have an account of a reconnoissance in force, by 5,000 United States troops, under Gen. Reynolds, to Huntersville, Pocahontas, against a detach of the rebels under Lee. A regular engagement ensued, lasting several hours, in which the rebels suffered severely, and our troops lost ten killed and a number wounded. On the whole, the affair was brilliant and successful.

THE last heard from the pirate Sumter she was at Surinam, Sept. 5th, when she was standing East under sail, bound for the coast of Brazil. She was closely followed by the United States steam frigate Powhattan.

THE rumors that a portion of the rebel army of the Potomac had been sent within the past week to Kentucky and Tennessee, are pronounced untrue.

IN response to a request of Gen. Fremont for a Quartermaster for the Western Department, as Brig. Gen. McKinstry has taken the field, Major Robert Allen has been appointed to that position in the army.

GUNS.—At the battle of Bull Run, our artillery was confined to something like half a dozen light batteries. Now there are more than one hundred, beside the guns in the fortifications. In case the rebels advance it must be in the face of from fifteen hundred to two thousand cannon, many of them the best the world has yet seen. An officer writes that there are nine batteries in the brigade to which he belongs. They are all in the hands of regulars.

THE Richmond Dispatch of the 20th ult., says that the newly-appointed Major General of the rebel army, G. W. Smith, who was formerly sheriff of Richmond, and for the city of New York, was going to Manassas that morning, "*to take command of the army heretofore commanded by General* Joseph E. Johnston, General Beauregard retaining command of his own army, and will *assume general command of the two columns.*" Thus it seems that Beauregard has been placed in a subordinate position.

A NEW illustration of the fiendish character of the traitors now in arms against the Government is furnished by the fact that at Falls Church, the other day, when they retreated, they poisoned the meal with strychnine, in order to entrap the Federal troops who drove them out. Fortunately, our soldiers were two wise to be victimized by this wicked scheme.

A NEW military department, consisting of the states of Kentucky, Ohio and Indiana, has been formed, and General Sherman ordered to the command thereof.

IT is true that Gen. Mansfield has been appointed to the command of Fortress Monroe, but Gen. Wool, whom he supersedes, has been assigned to no other duty.

GEN. BUTLER has assumed command of a new department in New England.

☞ Dr. Recamier asked a patriot in the hospital how he was. "Ah, doctor," replied the poor fellow, "I am so sick that if any one was to tell me I was dead, I should not be astonished."

NEWS ITEMS.

It is believed by some of the military authorities, that a large rebel force has been detached from Beauregard's command to strengthen Zollicoffer's column for the campaign now opening in Kentucky.

The "fortifications" at Munson's Hill had no glacis, no ditch, no guns. A log of wood, painted black on the end, was the supposed 44-pounder, which our reconnoitering parties saw pointed towards Washington. They were like mimic children's play.

A REGIMENT OF PREACHERS.—The Lafayette (Ind.) Courier, of a recent date, has the following about a regiment of preachers: Rev. John L. Smith, of the M. E. Church, has determined to raise a regiment for the war. All the captains are to be preachers. Rev. Wm. Graham, of the Fifteenth Street Church, in Lafayette, has pledged himself to raise a company.

JOHN BROWN, Jr., son of the leader at Harper's Ferry, is successfully canvassing the region of Tuscaville, Pennsylvania, for picked riflemen. He travels in gray shirt and trowsers, with large revolver and bowie knife protruding from his belt. He is a large, muscular man, and is supposed to be a man of muscle, with desperate resolves, anxious to avenge the death of his father.

A LETTER FROM PARIS, says several superior and subaltern officers of the French Artillery were offered great advantages for their services in the United States Army, but the French Government, which did not appear adverse to their acceptance of the offer at its first mention, decided on the 14th against granting them the necessary permission.

IT is reported that a Spanish expedition against Mexico is now in process of organization at Havana; and that a corps of 5,000 infantry will disembark at an early day in October, at Vera Cruz, and thence march direct to the city of Mexico. Six screw frigates, two steamers and numerous transports will be employed in this expedition.

An important decision of Marshal O'Donnell, directed to the Captain-General of Porto Rico, has been published, which declares that when a slave touches the soil of Spain he must be emancipated, even without the consent of his former master.

DURING the recent snap of cold weather our troops generally suffered from the cold. It is found that the blankets are rather light, and new regiments now equipping should not neglect this. A thick blanket and a heavy woolen undershirt add greatly to the comfort of the soldier.

NOT MUCH ALARMED.—When the rebels first got possession of Munson's Hill, some of our officers were apparently alarmed and going to General McClellan expressed their surprise at his indifference. The shrewd young general is said to have replied—"I know Munson's Hill very well; the enemy cannot so strengthen it but that I can take it whenever I need it, in an hour, and with three regiments. Meantime, it is a great advantage to new troops to see the enemy before them; it makes them watchful, gives them occasional rifle practice, and puts them in spirits. The confederates may keep the hill till I want it."

KIT CARSON.—Kit Carson is in command of the First Regiment of volunteers at Fort Union, New Mexico, and much satisfaction is felt at the general appearance and efficiency of his command.

FIRE-PLACES.—The cool weather has turned the attention of the soldiers toward the construction of temporary fire-places in their tents. The plan adopted by one of the New York regiments is first to dig a trench a foot wide and deep, running from the interior to the exterior of the tent, then to cover it over with the exception of a foot at each end, the inside serving as a fire-place and the outside end covered with a headless barrel serves as a chimney. The invention is said to be of California origin.

COTTON.—It is well known that a large quantity of cotton has arrived at New York from the Eastern states recently, for shipment to Europe. It now appears that the brokers have been engaged in sending our fine staples abroad, receiving back the manufactured into heavy goods, the Indian cotton from England. The steamship Persia, on her recent trip, brought 240 bales of this cotton. The staple is much shorter than American cotton, but the fibres are said to be quite as fine as our own.

HOW IS IT DONE?—A correspondent of the Times says that in Mason's house, *the three principal New York Journals of Saturday morning were found on Sunday afternoon—long before they had been read in any of our camps in Virginia.* Of course they could have reached there only by being conveyed through our lines—so that, with all the surveillance of the authorities, information has gone to the Rebels through our outposts.

THE largest business probably ever done in breadstuffs in New York was done on a recent Friday, when 45,000 barrels of flour, 500,000 bushels of wheat, and 310,000 bushels of corn, valued at about three-quarters of a million dollars, were disposed of. Six vessels were chartered to load breadstuffs to Great Britain and France, besides large shipments by vessels on the berth.

BRIGGS & HASKELL, of Maysville, (Cal.) lately shipped in one day to Sacramento and San Francisco, over nine thousand pounds of peaches and nectarines.

A PARTY of sixty rebels, from Lexington, plundered the Lunatic Asylum in Fulton, Calloway county, a day or two since of 500 blankets, all the bedclothes, and a number of socks, giving as an excuse that the Asylum belonged to the State, and they had a right to the property.

NO ARMY in the world has ever been composed of men having the same amount of intelligence as those now in our forces along the Potomac. They are busy in writing letters, and as the fruits of their industry, about forty thousand letters are sent from Washington daily.

GENERAL SMITH, Adjutant General of Missouri, is issuing commissions to the officers of the State forces organizing under Gov Jackson's call. He gives assurance that the 42,000 volunteers called for will be obtained without trouble.

COUNT COPPINGER, an English officer, late in the Papal military service, has been commissioned a Captain in our volunteer service on the recommendation of his Holiness the Pope. This makes the fifth European monarch who has recommended officers for service in the United States.

A LETTER in the London Times says that East India cotton is regarded with increasing favor. It is said that some spinners have discovered that while Surat cotton makes beautiful cloth, it also takes dye much better than American. The Times has an interesting speculations on the cotton question, adduces evidence to show that, so far from American cotton being the arbiter of England's destiny, her emancipation from all need of it is perhaps simply a question of eight or nine millions pounds sterling.

THE REBELS PUZZLED.—The concentration of our naval vessels at Norfolk gives the rebels a great deal of concern. They have fears for both Norfolk and Richmond, but more particularly the latter, being approached from the head of York River. Hence they are assembling a force at Yorktown, to frustrate any such design. Notwithstanding their boast that every intended operation of our forces is known to them, they are puzzled by recent movements, and the secrecy which is maintained in regard to them.

SINGERS IN LUCK.

Some musicians and theatrical singers, about two years ago, left France, to seek their fortune, and, after many journeyings, chance took them to the Hervey Islands, part of Cook's Archipelago, in the Pacific. One of them, a lady, has just written the following curious letter to her aunt, who resides at Paris:—"The king of these islands, Makea Gusme, has three times attended our concerts. He is perfectly black, and thinks so highly of his own color that he has had an image of Christ on the Cross, which had been placed in his palace by some missionaries in 1857, painted black. Our concert-room is a shed in which fish were salted and dried. The fish have disappeared, but the smell remains. The manner in which we are remunerated is singular. There being no specie we are paid in kind, and the king himself, having no cash, has given us engraved gourds. One of these bears his profile, and I keep it for you, as it will serve as a sugar-basin. In the last concert, which consisted of an air from 'Anna Bolena,' the duo of 'Norma,' the drinking song of 'Lucrezia,' the air, 'Ah! quel plaisir d'etre soldat,' and the 'Ah! ses Freres,' I received for my part three pigs, twenty-three turkeys, forty-four fowls, five thousand cocoanuts, one thousand two hundred pine-apples, one hundred and twenty bushels bananas, one hundred and twenty-six pumpkins, and one thousand five hundred oranges. In France all these things would be worth about four thousand francs, and four thousand francs for five airs is a pretty sum; but in this place it is not easy to turn what one has received to account. I hear, however, that a speculator from a neighboring island is about to come here to offer us money for what we have received. Unfortunately, *en attendant* his arrival, I am obliged to employ my fruits and vegetables in feeding my live stock."

STOCKINGS FOR THE SOLDIERS.—Go to work ladies—for those of you who do not know exactly how to do it, we furnish the following directions, by a lady of much experience:—

The Yarn should be bluish gray, No. 22, and the needles, No. 14 or No. 15.

Set up twenty-seven stitches on each needle; knit two plain and two seam rows alternately, until the ribbing is three inches long; then knit plain seven inches for the leg, remembering to seam one stitch at the end of one needle. To form the heel, put twenty stitches on two of the needles, and forty-one on the other—the seam stitch being in the middle. Knit the first row plain, the next row seam, and so alternately until the heel is three inches long; then narrow on the plain row each side of the seam stitch for five plain rows, which will leave thirty-one stitches. To close the heel, knit the last seam row to the middle of the needle, knit the seam stitch plain, then fold the two needles together, and with another needle take off the seam stitch. Then knit a stitch from both needles at once, and bind the seam stitch over it. Continue knitting in this manner until but one is left and the heel closed. Take up as many stitches as there are rows around the heel; knit one round plain; then widen every fifth stitch on the heel needles. Narrow once on every round at each side of the foot until there are twenty-seven stitches on each needle; knit plain six inches, narrow at the beginning and end of each needle on every third round, till you have seventeen stitches on each; then narrow every second round till you have seven—then every round until the foot is closed. One pound of yarn, costing from seventy-five cents to one dollar, will furnish four pairs of socks. The heel and toes should be knit of double yarn.

THE NEW NAVAL EXPEDITION.—We noted yesterday the charter of the Vanderbilt steamers, which are to be added to the fleet of transports already chartered and purchased by the Federal Government. A formidable naval expedition is now fitting out in this port to act in connection with men-of-war from Fortress Monroe. Of the transports, the Vanderbilt is provided with berths for one thousand men, the Ocean Queen for two thousand three hundred, the Illinois for one thousand five hundred, the Empire City for one thousand, the Coatzacoalcos for one thousand five hundred, the Daniel Webster for one dollar, and the Baltic, Matanzas and Atlantic are also coaling and preparing for the expedition. These vessels will carry at least fifteen thousand men. The Great Republic, the largest merchant sailing ship in the world, has been chartered by the Government, and is fitting up with stall to transport horses.—*N. Y. Post of the 2d.*

WITHDRAWAL OF REGULARS FROM CALIFORNIA.—It is the purpose of the Government to recall Gen. Sumner from California, with all the regular troops now in service in that State, and to authorize the raising of a volunteer force of 30,000 men in California for the defence of the frontier and operations in the adjoining territories.

The necessary orders are already in preparation. It is said by intelligent Californians that half the proposed force can be organized in San Francisco.

The recall of Gen. Sumner is at the suggestion of Gen. McClellan. He has now upwards of five thousand regulars under his command.

ARMY OFFICERS.—In our army among the officers of rank are three Prussian Barons, a Russian Prince, an English Baronet, and a German revolutionist.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—There has been a steady demand for Flour, mostly for export, and holders have put up their prices fully 25c ₱ bbl, which has had a tendency to limit operations to some 12,000 bbls at $5@5.25 for common to good superfine, which is now scarce and generally held higher; $5.50@5.62½ for extra do; $5.75@6.25 for family, and $6.50@7.50 ₱ bbl for fancy brands, as in quality, including 5000 bbls City Mills, chiefly extra and extra family, on terms kept private. Rye Flour is better and very scarce, with small receipts and sales at $3.25@3.50 ₱ bbl.—Corn Meal is not inquired for, and dull at $2.87½ for Penna, and $3 ₱ bbl for Brandywine. Buckwheat is beginning to arrive, and sells at $2.25@2.50 ₱ 100 ℔s.

GRAIN.—There has been a good demand for Wheat during the entire week, and about 65,000 bus have been disposed of, mostly for shipment, at a further advance of 3@6c ₱ bus, comprising Spring at $1.12@1.15, Western and Penna winter Red, $1.20@1.28, Southern do at $1.24@1.30, the latter for prime lots afloat; 250@260c for Rye; 31½@33c for new Penna, and 34@35c for old do. Barley and Malt are quiet, and generally held above the views of buyers.

PROVISIONS.—The market for the Hog product generally is firmer and more active. Mess Pork selling at $14.75@15 ₱ bbl, with sales of 500 bbls mostly at the former rate, cash. Beef is steady at $14@16 for Western and city Mess. Bacon is unchanged, Hams selling at 8@9c for plain and fancy cured. Nothing doing in Sides or Shoulders worthy of notice. Of green Meats the sales are confined to Shoulders in salt, of which about 250 casks have been taken at 4½@5c ₱ ℔, on time, now held at the latter rate; Sides are quiet. Lard is scarce and in moderate request at 9½@9¾c for tcs and bbls, and 9¾@9¾c for kegs, cash and time; some country packed sold at 8c. Butter moves off as wanted at 8@9c for packed. Cheese is unchanged and jobbing out at 7@7½c ₱ ℔. Eggs move off freely at 13@15c ₱ dozen.

COTTON.—There has been rather more activity in the demand this week, and 600@700 bales have changed hands at very full rates, ranging from 18 to 34c cash for ordinary to middling and good middling quality, mostly at 31½@32c.

ASHES are steady but quiet, with a small business to note in both Pots and Pearls.

BARK.—The receipts and stock of Quercitron continue light, but the demand has fallen off, and small sales of 1st No 1 are reported at $28 ₱ ton, which is a decline. Of Tanners' Bark sales are reported at $16 for Spanish and $8 for Chestnut oak, and the demand good.

BEESWAX.—There is very little offering, and the demand is limited at 31c@32c ₱ ℔.

COAL.—Orders come in slowly, and the market is dull for the season. There are no changes, and prices remain as before, which rule steady both for shipment and home use.

COFFEE.—The market is firm, the want of stock and the high views of holders limiting the week's operations to some 2000 bags at 14¼@16c for Rio, and 16¾@17¾c for Laguayra, on time, including 3000 bags of the latter, mostly low grade.

COPPER is firm, with further sales of Yellow Metal at 18c, 6 mos.

FEATHERS are moving off in lots as wanted at 38@40c for Western, the latter in a small way.

FRUIT.—Green Apples are scarce and sell at from $1¼ to 3¼ ₱ Bu. Dried Apples and Peaches are also scarce and quoted at 5@6c for the former and 6@7c ₱ ℔ for the latter. Jersey Cranberries are selling at $7@8 ₱ Bu.

HAY meets with a steady demand at 60@70c for the 100 ℔s.

HEMP is firmer, but the stock being nearly all out of first hands we hear of no sales.

HOPS are dull, and a small business to note at 20@25c for Eastern and Western.

IRON.—There is no new feature in the market, and a small business doing in Pig Metal at about previous quotations. In manufactured iron the sales are also moderate and prices the same.

LEAD is firm and generally held above the views of buyers, with a reduced stock to operate in. 500 pigs (unless sold at $5.80 ₱ 100 ℔s.

LUMBER.—There is very little doing, and the prices of White and Yellow Pine are unchanged. Cedar have been selling more freely at $1.12½@1.25 ₱ M.

MOLASSES is firm, with further sales of 150 hhds, mostly clayed Cuba, at 26c, on time; 300 hhds Syrup also sold on terms kept private.

PLASTER is wanted, and we quote soft at $2.25@2.37½ ₱ ton, with moderate receipts and sales.

RICE.—There is little or no stock here, and prime is held at 7¼@8c ₱ ℔, which is above the views of buyers.

SALT is firm, but no further arrivals or sales have been made public.

SEEDS are quiet, with but little Clover offering or selling, prices range at 5@5.50 ₱ 64 ℔s bus, the latter for prime. Timothy is dull and offered at $3, and but little demand for it. Flaxseed is better, and the crushers have been paying $1.45@1.45 ₱ bus, which is an advance.

SPIRITS.—There is very little doing in foreign and Brandy and Gin are quiet at quotations. N. E. Rum sells as wanted at 30@32c. Whiskey is better, bbls selling freely at 20½@22c, the latter for prime Ohio, and drudge at 20@21c.

SPICES are more active and on the advance, without much doing in the way of sales.

SUGARS are firm, and generally held above the views of buyers, the stock being very much reduced, and the sales limited to 300 hhds, mostly Cubs, in small lots, at from 8¼ to 8¾c, and some box Sugar at 8¾@9¼c, all on the usual credit.

TALLOW is scarce, and held at 8¾@9c ₱ ℔ for rendered, which is above the views of buyers generally.

TOBACCO is scarce and high, with a small business to note in the way of sales, among which are some Kentucky, on terms kept private.

WOOL.—The demand continues active, and prices on the advance, with further sales of the low and medium qualities at 46@60c, at which rates there are more buyers than sellers. Fine Fleece is also better, and selling at 46@47c ₱ ℔.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 3027 head. Prices varying from 7 to 8¾c ₱ ℔. 40 Cows were sold at from $25 to 35 ₱ head. 9000 head of Sheep were disposed of at from $4.50 to 7.00 ₱ cwt, net. 1000 Hogs brought from $5.00 to 5.50 ₱ cwt, net.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. Thos. G. Allen, MR. JAMES R. WIGGINS, to MISS CAROLINE P. WOOD.

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. J. C. Clay, MR. WILLIAM BREARLEY, to MISS MARY ELIZABETH CLARK, both of this city.

On Tuesday, Oct. 1, by the Rev. Henry Spackman, MATILDA L. daughter of the late Edw. G. Farquhar, of this city, to WILLIAM H. STERLING, U. S. Army.

Oct. 1, at the Church of the Mediator, by the Rev. Saml. D. Appleton, FRANCIS E. SHAFTUCK, of Connecticut, to MOLLIE, daughter of Isaac G. Thackery, of this city.

On the 28th ultimo, by the Rev E. W. Hutter, Mr. WILLIAM W. WRIGHT, to Miss SUSANNA TATE, both of this city.

On the 4th ultimo, by the Rev. G. D. Carrow, MR. EDWARD PARKS, to Miss HANNAH LOUISA ENGLE.

In Jersey City, on Tuesday, Sept. 17th, at St. Matthew's Church, by the Rev. J. Brinton Smith, EDMUND WRIGLEY, of Philadelphia, to ALMA, eldest daughter of the late John H. Eveleth, of New York.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the evening of Sept. 30, CHARLES HARKNESS, in his 65th year.

In Carlisle, Pa., on the 28th ultimo, WILLIAM BAIR, Esquire, in his 75th year.

On the 28th ultimo, PETER BOUSQUET, in his 75th year.

On the morning of the 26th ultimo, DAVID KIRKPATRICK, Sr.

On the evening of the 27th ultimo, CHARLES PRICHETT, aged 68 years.

On the morning of the 28th ultimo, NATHAN TAYLOR, in his 40th year.

On the morning of the 30th, 9th mo, JOSHUA WHITALL, in his 65th year.

On the 30th ultimo, GEORGE REX, Sr. in his 94th year.

On the 1st instant, MRS. ELIZABETH S. ROBINSON, aged 78 years.

On Saturday evening, 28th ultimo, STEPHEN FARRAND, in his 50th year.

On the 29th ultimo, MR. GEORGE FRITCHEY, in his 66th year.

On the 30th ultimo, MRS. CATHARINE HOFF, in her 47th year.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS.

No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, October 5, 1861.

Alabama	10 dis.	Missouri	15 dis.
Canada	1 dis.	Nebraska	—
Connecticut	1 dis.	New Brunswick	12 dis.
Delaware	1 dis.	New Hampshire	—
District of Columbia	1 dis.	New Jersey	par to 1 dis.
Florida	par dis.	New York City	par
Georgia	par dis.	Nova Scotia	12 dis.
Illinois	20 to 25 dis.	North Carolina	15 dis.
Indiana	1 dis.	Newfoundland	15 dis.
Iowa	1 dis.	Ohio	1 dis.
Kansas	—	Pennsylvania par to 1 dis.	
Kentucky	2 dis.	Rhode Island	1 dis.
Louisiana	25 dis.	South Carolina	20 dis.
Maine	1 dis.	Tennessee	20 dis.
Maryland	1 to 5 dis.	Texas	—
Massachusetts	1 dis.	Vermont	1 dis.
Michigan	1½ dis.	Virginia	20 dis.
Minnesota	—	Wisconsin	20 to 75 dis.
Mississippi	—		

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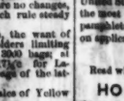

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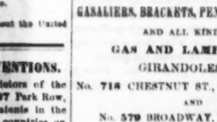

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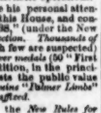

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Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT, which will overcome the spasmodic contraction of the wind tubes, and cause them to eject the mucous or matter which clogs them up, and by an easy and free expectoration, remove all difficulty of breathing.

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Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. It cleanses the lungs from all irritating matters, while at the same time, it heals and invigorates them. For this dreadful disease, the best of offered the public for this dread disease, none have stood the test of time, or maintained so universal a popularity, as this Expectorant. Thousands whom it has cured, and who had given up by their physicians as incurable, have been restored to perfect health by its use, and their testimony must carry conviction to all who read it.

HAVE YOU PLEURISY?

Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. By taking two or three large doses in the early stages of the disease, in quick succession, and covering up warmly in bed, this preparation acts as a sudorific or sweating medicine, and subdues the fever and inflammation at once.

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HAVE YOU CROUP?

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I advise every one who has a Cough or a Husky Voice or a Bad Breath, or any difficulty of the Throat, to get a package of my Throat Confections, they will relieve you instantly, and you will agree with me that "they go right to the spot." You will find them very useful and pleasant while travelling or attending public meetings for stilling your Cough or allaying your thirst. If you try one package I am safe in saying that you will ever afterwards consider them indispensable. You will find them at the Druggists and Dealers in Medicines.

PRICE, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

My signature is on each package. All others are counterfeit.

A Package will be sent by mail, prepaid, on receipt of Thirty Cents.

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CEPHALIC PILLS,
CURE
SICK HEADACHE;
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NERVOUS HEADACHE;
CURE
ALL KINDS
OF
HEADACHE.

By the use of those Pills the periodic attacks of *Nervous* or *Sick Headache* may be prevented; and if taken at the commencement of an attack immediate relief from pain and sickness will be obtained.

They seldom fail in removing the *Nausea* and *Headache* to which females are so subject.

They act gently upon the bowels,—removing *Costiveness*.

For *Literary Men*, *Students*, Delicate Females, and all persons of *sedentary habits*, they are valuable as a *Laxative*, improving the *appetite*, giving *tone* and *vigor* to the digestive organs, and restoring the natural elasticity and strength of the whole system.

The CEPHALIC PILLS are the result of long investigation and carefully conducted experiments, having been in use many years, during which time they have prevented and relieved a vast amount of pain and suffering from Headache, whether originating in the *nervous* system or from a deranged state of the *stomach*.

They are entirely vegetable in their composition, and may be taken at all times with perfect safety, without making any change of diet, and *the absence of any disagreeable taste renders it easy to administer them to children.*

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS!

The genuine have five signatures of Henry C. Spalding on each Box.

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PRICE, 25 CENTS.

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HENRY C. SPALDING,
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☞ A single bottle of SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE will save ten times its cost annually.

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SAVE THE PIECES!
ECONOMY! DISPATCH!
"A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE."

As accidents will happen, even in well regulated families, it is very desirable to have some cheap and convenient way for repairing Furniture, Toys, Crockery, &c.

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meets all such emergencies, and no household can afford to be without it. It is always ready, and up to the sticking point.

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CAUTION.

As certain unprincipled persons are attempting to palm off on the unsuspecting public, imitations of my PREPARED GLUE, I would caution all persons to examine before purchasing, and see that the full name,

☞ SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE,

is on the outside wrapper all others are swindling counterfeits. nov1-1y

Wit and Humor.

HOW HE GOT USED TO IT.

Somewhere in our neighborhood lives a farmer of such social habits, that his coming home intoxicated was once no unusual thing. His wife urged him in vain to sign the pledge.

"Why, you see," he would say, "I'll sign it after awhile, but I don't like to break right off at once, it ain't wholesome. The best way is to get used to a thing by degrees, you know."

"Very well, old man," his helpmeet would rejoin, "see now if you don't fall into a hole one of these days, where you can't take care of yourself, and nobody near to help you out."

Sure enough, as if to verify the prophecy, as he returned home drunk one day, he fell into a shallow well, and after a great deal of useless scrabbling, he shouted for the "light of his eyes" to come up and help him out.

"Didn't I tell you so?" said the good soul showing her cap frill over the edge of the parapet, "you've got into a hole at last, and it's only lucky I'm in hearing, or you might have drowned. Well," she continued, after a pause, letting down the bucket, "take hold." And up he came, higher at each turn of the windlass, until the old lady's grasp slipping from the handle, down he went to the bottom again. This occurring more than once made the temporary occupant of the well suspicious.

"Look here!" he screamed, in a fury, at the last splash, "you're doing that on purpose—I know you are."

"Well, now, I am," responded his wife, tranquilly, while winding him up once more. "Don't you remember telling me it's best to get used to things by degrees? I'm afraid if I bring you right up of a sudden, you wouldn't find it wholesome?"

The old fellow couldn't help chuckling at the application of his principle, and protested he would sign the pledge on that instant, if she would lift him fairly out. This she did, and packed him off to sign the pledge, wet as he was. "For you see," she added, very emphatically, "if you ever fall into the ditch again, I'll leave you that—I will."

He knew she was a woman of her word, and he didn't return to her loving arms until the pledge was signed.

SERIOUS MISAPPREHENSION.—The propriety of selecting officers of the same nationality to command troops who do not fully understand our language, is fairly illustrated in the case of a German belonging to one of our regiments, who had been detailed to guard duty.

"Sentinel," said the officer of the day, "your duty at this place is to salute all officers according to their rank, to keep fire from approaching the magazine, and in case the enemy appears, you are to discharge your musket and run to the camp. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Lieutenant," replied the worthy German.

It appeared, a little later, on being questioned, that he understood he had been instructed "to shoot all officers of rank, and then set fire to the magazine; and, if he saw an enemy, to run away."

HOW TO TREAT REBELS AND RATTLESNAKES.—The best piece of satire upon the leniency observed by the authorities, in reference to rebels found committing depredations, is in the shape of a story, which is told, we believe, by Governor Pierpont. As the story goes, some of the soldiers in General Cox's camp, down in Kanawha, recently caught a large rattlesnake. The snake manifested a most mischievous disposition, snapping and thrusting out its forked tongue at all who came near it. The boys at last got tired of the reptile, and as nobody wanted such a dangerous companion, the question arose "what shall we do with him?" This question was propounded several times, without an answer, when a half drunken soldier, who was lying near upon his back, rolled over upon his side, and relieved his companion by quietly remarking —"D—n it, swear him and let him go."

CONCLUSION OF A HARD SHELL SERMON.—"My brethren *and* sistern! ef a man's full of religion you can't hurt him! There was the three Arabian children; they put 'em in a fiery furnace, hetted seven times hetter than it could be het, and it didn't singe a har on their heads! And there was John the Evangeler; they put him—and where do you think, brethring and sistern, they put *him?* Why, they put him into a caladronic of bilin' le, and biled him all night, and it didn't *jase* his shell! And there was Dan'el; they put him into a lion's den—and what, my fellow travellers and respected auditories, do you think he was put into a lion's den for? Why, for prayin' three times a day. Don't be alarmed, brethring and sistern; I don't think any of you will ever get into a lion's den!"

☞ On a wet, miserable, foggy London day, Charles Lamb was accosted by a beggar woman with, "Pray, sir, bestow a little charity upon a poor destitute widow woman who is almost perishing for lack of food. Believe me, sir, I have seen better days." "So have I," said Lamb, handing the poor creature a shilling, "so have I; it's a miserable day.—Good-bye."

☞ A "wooden wedding" recently occurred at Great Barrington, at the residence of William Stanley, on which occasion silver and gold displays succumbed to the pressure of hard times, and every wooden thing that could be whittled or carved out figured as a chief portion of the presents.

☞ "You are an Irishman," said a fellow tauntingly to his neighbor. "Well, sir, I am no more responsible for having been born an Irishman than you are for having been born an ass."

A PASSPORT FOR A PARROT.

One of the Paris papers tells the following curious story in regard to those solemn noodles who watch over the medieval darkness of Rome:—

"A French gentleman, M——, was travelling in Italy two years since, accompanied by his wife, who carried with her a pet parrot. On coming to the frontier of the Roman States an official demanded their passports, and, after asking them what they were going to do at Rome, &c., he espied the parrot.

"'Ah! you have a parrot, I see. Does it talk?'

"'Of course it does.'

"'What does it say?'

"'What does that signify?'

"'Sir,' said the official, sternly, 'this is no joking matter. Parrots sometimes use very improper language—seditious words, even.'

"'Interrogate the bird, then,' was the answer.

"The officials accordingly endeavored to make it speak, but not a word could it utter, perhaps because it was fatigued, or did not understand Italian. At last the head official said—

"'Well, there is only one way of arranging this business; you must write down the phrases your parrot can say, and declare on your own responsibility that it can say nothing else. That done I will give you a pass for it.'

"There was no alternative, so the gentleman made the declaration required, and went his way. M—— related this story to a numerous auditory, and at the same time he showed the parrot's pass to those who wished to see that singular document, which cost him a scudo (one dollar)."

CAN YOU BELIEVE YOUR EYES?

If a person were placed at the Equator on the 21st of March or September, he would see the sun directly *overhead*. If another person, on the same day, and at the same hour, were placed near the North Pole, he would see the sun *south* of him; while a third party, at the same instant, if placed in southern latitudes, would see the sun *north* of him. Now, if each of these persons were to hold telegraphic communication with each other, what a contradiction might follow! While the sun's actual position would remain the same, it would seem to each observer to be in a different quarter of the heavens than that in which it was reported to be by his correspondents. How easy it would be for these individuals to impugn each other's veracity—one declaring that the sun was overhead; the second insisting that it was near the horizon; and the third stoutly asserting that it was in neither place, but about half-way between the horizon and the zenith. If not more enlightened than a great majority of disputants, the only way in which they could arrive at the truth would be, to appoint a place of meeting on some middle ground, with the dire intent of exterminating each other as liars, but where they would find that all their differences had given place to still other appearances in the position of the sun. These facts of natural philosophy, in showing how an object may be viewed differently from different points, and still in every respect remain unchanged, should warn every one against being narrow minded in matters of credence.

TREATMENT OF CHILDREN.—True wisdom bids parents keep their children at proper seasons in the background, in constant subjection, in obedience to an unceasing discipline. They should be limited in the number of direct pleasures and treats accorded to them, kept mostly at home, forced into regularity and insignificance. No slight is prettier or more pleasant than to watch the children of a sensible mother. It is charming to see a troop of girls in simple dresses, headed by their governess, range themselves in orderly fashion at the luncheon table, under the eyes of a vigilant mamma. Those girls are worth talking to when they are young, and worth marrying when they grow up.

Children love discipline. They like to be guided, controlled and silenced. They enjoy being forced to think of none but childish things. It is only foolish or indolent people who plead that this cannot be done without harshness, and without erecting a barrier between the child and the parent. Children find out instinctively when tenderness is real, and cling to a parent who they know loves them, however strict may be the control exercised over them. It is a policy as shortsighted as it is mischievous to pander to the morbid desire for a premature independence, in order to win the gratitude of the child who is misdirected. Strict discipline, childish pleasures, exclusion of children from conversation on domestic difficulties, and moderate but solid intellectual teachings are the great elements of a good home education.

BEAUTY OF THE SEA.—There is a charm in the sea. The freedom there is in its sweep, the grandeur there is in its billows, the music there is in its roar; its round horizon beaded with white foam, red with the wine of morning light; the ruby sun, that descends into its waters and dissolves; the ship, so like a bird, that spreads its white wings and skirts the sea-encircled world; the wild tale of strange lands and strange adventures; the gems and gold that strew its caves; the coral groves touched with eternal sunset; the bubbles that have broken upon its surface and released the parting souls; all these have shrouded the sea with a mysterious charm.

And then to think that the sea is the cemetery of the world; that an angel's voice shall summon it, and it shall surrender its dead to air and light again; that the lower half of heaven is hidden like a jeweled cup in its bosom; and the ever-going sun had worn no path hence, and the long caravan of ages left no footprints as it went.

☞ The footlights of the new opera house in Paris are so perfectly constructed, that a pocket handkerchief may be thrown upon them, and the gas in full blaze cannot ignite it.

SCENE IN FORT LAFAYETTE.

REBEL PRISONER.—Orderly, what island is that off there?

ORDERLY.—Gibbett island, sir.

REBEL.—A'hem! I don't think the prospect is as fine as that from Sumter.

—*Vanity Fair.*

THE MIND AS A DOCTOR.—The celebrated Sydenham tells a good story which illustrates the *modus operandi* of watering places. He had a troublesome and obstinate case of dyspepsia, brought on by idleness and intemperance; he told his noble patient that he could do no more for him, and that Dr. Robinson of Inverness was the only man that could cure him. Off the patient posted with letters of introduction and a detailed statement of his case from his metropolitan physician. On arriving at Inverness he could not learn that there was any Dr. Robinson there, or ever had been since the creation of the world. Back he travels, burning with indignation, meditating plans of hostilities against Syden ham. On his arrival he rushed into the Doctor's presence, vowing vengeance. "Well," replies Sydenham, "are you better?" "Yes, quite well; but no thanks to you." "But thanks to Dr. Robinson," answered Sydenham. "I sent you on a journey with an interesting object in view both ways—contemplating a cure going out, and thrashing me coming in."

AN EXPLANATION.—Some able and excellent men are never able to adapt their phrases to the comprehension of children. A man of this class, a learned theological professor, was once engaged to address a Sunday school. He read a number of verses from the Bible, and then said: "Children, I intend to give you a summary of the truth taught in this portion of the Scripture." Here the pastor touched him, and suggested that he had better explain to the children what "summary" meant. So he turned around and said to the children: "Your pastor wants me to explain what summary means, and I will do so. Well, children, summary is an abbreviated synopsis of a thing."

☞ M. Bouchet, of Paris, has reported to the Academy of Science that all reservoirs of water for supplying cities should be shaded from the rays of the sun, and cleaned out once a month, at least, during summer. Water in reservoirs, exposed to the sun, is liable to ferment in hot weather.

Agricultural.

VARIATION IN PLANTS.

An article which is calculated to produce some surprise among persons who have studied the habits of plants, has appeared with the authority of Dr. Lindley, in the Gardener's Chronicle. Among the startling assumptions in this article are the following:

"The tendency to produce a variable offspring is inherent in the constitution of every plant, and is a necessity of its existence; there is no such thing as a repetition of the parent in the progeny."

"Nature supplies the gardener with varieties, and all he can do is to exert his skill in choosing which of them is best suited to his wants and again selecting from its progeny what is still better suited, and so on till his wants are satisfied,—there is no reason to suppose that the first progeny of the seed had it been left to itself, would have differed aught from that it produced under the gardener's care."

We find so good a reply to these ideas in an editorial article in the last number of Hovey's Magazine, that we use some of the remarks instead of our own. In regard to the first paragraph it is observed:

"We might name a hundred instances where, for at least the life of an observing man, there has been no change in the growth, appearance, and flower; that they have been, year in and year out, just the same, and probably so for hundreds of years. We have but one species of Tulip tree (Liriodendron tulipifera), and yet a naturalist found the fossil remains of this very species 100 feet below the surface of the earth in one of the deep cuts in California, as stated in Silliman's Journal, we think, for 1858. How many hundred or thousand years had it been buried there? and yet we have the exact copy of it now. Does this show an inherent power to change readily? Has the commonest flower that grows in our pasture, the dandelion, shown any disposition to change? Is there a very pale yellow, white or variegated variety? We think it would puzzle Dr. Lindley or Dr. Hooker to tell the dandelion of to-day from that of twenty years or more ago; that at least here is 'a repetition of the parent in the progeny.' The old dogma, that 'like produces like,' still holds good, at least with plants."

On the second paragraph above quoted, our contemporary remarks as follows:—

"The theory of Van Mons in raising new pears disposes of this. Since the creation of the world, or at least since we have known anything of its vegetation, the wild pears, left to themselves, have continued the same; but under the skill of Van Mons they were altered in five generations from their austere, uneatable character to the most luscious fruit. Did nature do this, unaided by Van Mons? Shall we then be seriously told that all he did was in choosing which was suited to his wants, and that there is no reason to suppose the progeny, if left to itself, would have, 'differed aught' from that it produced under his care? We are not combating the doctrine that plants have the inherent power to change, as we know this to be true, but we do not believe these changes are easily made, and in fact, rarely if ever naturally, for to admit this would admit the power to annihilate species; many of our hybrids being more unlike than many of the so-called distinct species. Under certain circumstances, and these principally include cultivation, they soon show signs of variation, and these variations, taken advantage of by the gardener, go on changing until they are again neglected, when they cease to vary to any extent. What is more common than to see many of our beautiful annuals, as soon as they are left to sow their own seed, degenerate to the original species. Asters, self-sown, in a year or two become single. Pansies of the most beautiful description, self-sown, soon return to the commonest weedy flowers. No fact is better known to all gardeners than this. This may be one of the 'inherent powers of change,' and it would not require a great exertion 'of skill' to select the best suited to his wants from such a progeny. Such well-known changes with certain flowers and even vegetables are so common, that it at once refutes the idea that 'the tendency of successive progenies is to depart further and further from the original standard, and seldom or never return to it.'"

THE DUKE OF ATHOLE'S DAIRY.—It is not a modern show thing—a would-be palace for animals. No, no. It is characterized by airiness, proper temperature, cleanliness and usefulness. Five of M. Kinnel's ventilators pour in the pure air and suck away the foul. The walls are panelled all round, some four feet from the bottom. Each stall holds two cows; and the stalls are divided by low wooden partitions, like small stable trevises, so that the cows do not grind and injure their horns as where stone is used. There is a strap of wood half-way between the panelling in face of the cows and the ceiling, and on the strap is fixed the name, well printed, of each cow, above where she stands; so that a person unaccustomed to cows might think that they went correctly to their places from seeing their names. Each cow has a fixed, square feeding trough, formed of slates; and between the two feeding troughs is a similar drinking trough for both cows. The floor is of Arbroath pavement, which is covered with soft matting on two-thirds forward of the space where the cows stand or lie. The grips, in their whole length, are of perforated iron, so that all liquid drains off to the tank. At each end of the byre is a water tank, near the ceiling, to supply water for the drinking troughs by a direct communication with each, and also to enable the floor to be flushed and made thoroughly clean and sweet. Connected with the byre are places for holding hay, straw, roots, meals and cakes, and also the apparatus for crunching, steaming and otherwise preparing the food, through which and the byre, from end to end, is a continuous railway for conveying the food. All the woodwork is painted with a mixture of asphalte and linseed oil, giving it a fine glossy appearance, and showing distinctly the natural markings of the wood.—*A Renfrewshire Dairyman.*

HUNTING WILD BEES.

It is well known that our forests are the homes of many swarms of wild bees. They go off from the domesticated colonies, and seek refuge in the hollow of some good old tree, and there deposit their honey. It requires some experience and skill to hunt wild bees with hives. The outfit for bee hunting is a bee box, properly constructed with comb and honey, slightly scented with oil of anise or thyme. The box should have a glass in the top or side, covered with a sliding panel, through which the comb and bees can be seen, and to admit light. The bee hunter secures from a bunch of flowers a few wild bees in his box. The panel is now removed, and the light admitted; or, if he can find no wild bees on the flowers, he burns a piece of honeycomb upon a heated stone, the scent of which draws plenty of wild bees around him. He places the open box near the altar of incense, and the bees soon alight upon the honeycomb, and begin to feed. Having in one of these two ways secured a few working bees, he places the open box upon a high stump, and sits leisurely down to watch them. The bees having supplied themselves with a freight of honey, depart for home. Rising from the box, they fly in circles about it, and then take a bee line or straight course for home, or for the bee tree. Now comes the hunter's coveted opportunity. He wishes to get the line of the swarm, as it is called. With a practised eye, he watches the bees until they are beyond his sight, and finally determines by their unerring course in a straight line, the direction of the bee tree. Having got the line, he closes his box on the bees, and moves on towards the tree. He then takes a new stand, and makes new observations, and thus gradually nears the wild colony, searching all the while for them in every hollow tree, until he at last discovers their retreat. An experienced bee hunter, having once got the line of the swarm, seldom fails of finding it. Large quantities of honey have often been found deposited in the capacious hollows of some of our forest trees.—*Del. News.*

NOVEL CURE FOR LOCKJAW.—A gentleman of high standing, on whose veracity we can depend, relates an extraordinary instance of a valuable mare of his recovered from confirmed tetanus, by having recourse to means we never heard of being adopted before. The mare had been docked. A few days after the operation was performed, symptoms of lockjaw presented themselves. The best advice was immediately obtained, every remedy used proved unavailing, and death appeared inevitable. An idea suggested itself to the lady of the house (who is famed for the kind and skillful way in which she dispenses medicines, especially to the poor of the surrounding neighborhood), that a sudden severe shock might produce the effect of relaxing the nerves and muscles, now strung to the highest pitch, in the poor suffering brute. A gun was loaded; the groom walked quietly to the mare's head, and discharged it close to her ear. The mare reared suddenly up, broke her halter, and fell backward; got up, shook herself, at once commenced eating, perfectly recovered, is now alive, and has bred two or three fine foals since.

Useful Receipts.

STAINS.—Oxalic acid will remove all stains from hands or clothing. But it must be used with great care, being not only a deadly poison, but tendering every fabric, if not wetted very soon.

COLD CREAM.—Take ½ ounce white wax, do. of spermaceti, and 3 ounces of almond oil. Put the whole into a basin, and place it in hot water till fused: then gradually add 3 ounces of rose water, elder water, or orange flower water, stirring all the time with a fork or small whisk. When cold it is fit for use.—*A. M. M.*

FOR COLORING SEA WEED RED.—Dip the moss into a boiling solution of 1 ounce alum in 1 pint of water. Dry it. Make a solution of ½ ounce cochineal, ½ ounce cream tartar, 1 tablespoonful spirits hartshorn to ½ tumbler water. Dip in the moss, wring, and dry in the shade.

CRYSTALIZED GRASSES.—Nine ounces alum heated till dissolved. Put in the grass when the alum water is cool enough to bear the hand; watch it, and take it out when the crystals are large as you wish: dry them on paper. If you wish colors, get a few powdered paints and sprinkle over, directly it comes from the water: heat alum over when it becomes cold.—*M. L. N.*

GREEN PICKLES WITH GRAPE LEAVES.—It is considered very desirable by housekeepers that pickled cucumbers, mangoes, &c., should be of a deep green color. They taste no better, but they look nicer. To produce this greenness, it has been customary to place the pickles in a brass or copper vessel, pour hot alum water over them, and let them remain until of the desired color: that is until the salt of copper, verdigris, has acted upon them sufficiently. A better way of doing it without the aid of poisons, is recommended by Mrs. Haskell's Encyclopedia, which is as follows:—"When packing the cucumbers in salt, line the barrel, bottom and sides, with grape leaves, and pack between the layers of cucumbers a quantity of the fresh leaves' until the barrel is full. When salted through, remove them from the brine, and pour boiling water upon the pickles, several times. If not the desired color, line a tub in the same manner that the barrel was prepared, and pack the pickles with a large quantity of the leaves. Heat vinegar boiling hot, pour it over the pickles, and cover them tightly. If, the next morning, they are not sufficiently greened, drain off the vinegar, reheat it, and pour it again over them; repeat the process until of the color desired. When they are sufficiently greened, pour over them hot vinegar; if they taste of the vine leaves, change the vinegar after a week.

The Riddler.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 44 letters.

My 32, 24, 5, 37, 36, was the commander and prince of the muses.

My 24, 14, 36, is the god of the woods.

My 5, 43, 1, 19, 5, 28, is the son of Neptune.

My 5, 43, 24, 35, 25, 30, 7, is one who escaped the machinations of the sirens.

My 24, 17, 43, 13, 41, 34, 36, 5, 24, 2, is one of the sirens who was desperate because his song would not charm, cast himself into the sea and was turned into a stone.

My 24, 31, 6, 40, 5, is the brother to Neptune and Jupiter.

My 40, 17, 26, 3, 20, 23, 18, 29, was the son of the nymph Plota, who invited the gods to a feast, and quartered and boiled his son Pelops and set the joints before them to eat.

My 31, 17, 43, 8, 12, were the gods who presided over dogs.

My 13, 4, 9, 2, 32, 3, 11, 29, is what persuaded Ceres to lay aside her grief and rise out of the cave.

My 27, 38, 14, is the mount in which lived the servants of Magna Mater.

My 10, 39, 31, 25, 42, 38, was what was done to the son of Cneus, at Spain.

My 25, 39, 5, 15, 44, was one who disturbed the sacrifice of Latona.

My 23, 5, 26, 14, 38, 16, 32, is one of the names of Cybele.

My 22, 43, 14, 26, 1, 32, was the muse who sung of divine things.

My 21, 37, 5, 43, 14, is the goddess and President of Flowers.

My whole is the motto of one of the United States.

Philadelphia. SAM. S. LAIRD.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In ocean, river, lake and creek,
To find my first you there must seek;
It dwells in water, ne'er does roam
On land far from its watery home.

My next's a cry you often hear
Called forth by wonder or by fear,
And when the heart's o'erpressed with grief
It's used, but gives you no relief.

My whole is seen in every clime
On which the sun or moon may shine;
It has no life, though strange, it's true,
Travel it will along with you.

Naples, Scott Co., Ill. J. SIMMONS.

CHARADE.

Can any of our readers solve the following charade? It has been stated to be by the principal of a college, but we know not with what truth:

"A Headless man had a letter to write,
'Twas read by one who had lost his Sight,
The Dumb repeated it word for word,
And he was Deaf who listened and heard."

DOUBLE REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A town in Italy.
A town in Ireland.
A river in Asia.
A county in New York.
A gulf in Sardinia.
A town in Russia.

My initials form a range of mountains. My finals the place of situation.

Newport, R. I. CHAS. COTTRELL.

PROGRESSIVE QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Says Thomas to his brother Henry, who professed to be an accomplished arithmetician, "Suppose a certain ball would commence to move through the air: the first hour it would move 14 miles, the next hour only 13 miles, and so every subsequent hour, moving only 6-7 of its previous hour's speed; how far would you suppose it to move, provided it would thus continue to move on continually?" Henry could not answer the question. So the brothers agreed to lay it before the mathematicians of the Post, to be solved by arithmetic, algebra or otherwise.

☞ An answer is requested. T. & H.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ When is wine like a pig's tooth? Ans—When it is in a hogshead?

☞ Why is anything that is unsuitable like a dumb person? Ans.—Because it won't answer.

☞ Why is a woman servant's garret like a comet? Ans.—It is 'er attic (erratic).

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—Andrew Jackson. CHARADE—Rebellion—(Re-belle-lion). GEOGRAPHICAL REBUS—Greece, Athens—(Gorse, Rassalgat, Edinburgh, Erie, Camorin, Esparaten). RIDDLE—Moon. DOUBLE REBUS—La Prairie, in Mexico—(Lipari, Austin, Putnam, Ucayale, Ijusna, Petchora, Dordorgne, Shelleton, Guadiana, Garonne, Mondega, Viatka, Dniester, Maritza. ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM—12 more. ARITHMETICAL QUESTION—2,520.

Answer to PROBLEM, by Subscriber, in Post of August, 3rd.—The board must be cut 4.2426 feet from the top, or 1.7573 feet from the bottom.—Artemas Martin, Franklin, Venango Co., Pa., and E. C. Rowe, Keesville, Essex Co., N. Y.

Answer to Oliver S. Harris's PROBLEM, published Aug. 3rd.—The circular green must contain 4.64275 acres, and there will be left fingrased 1.64275 acres.—Artemas Martin. The farm contained 4 acres, 2 rods, 22 perches, and some few yards; left ungrazed, 1 acre, 2 rods, 22 perches.—D. O. D.

The meaning of my QUESTION, published July 24th, and answered by several, is, that A pays 50 cts. per acre more for every acre he gets. The answers by D. Diefenbach are not correct, as A does not pay more for the 30 acres, as in answer first; and in answer second he has A to pay more than $300, and B to pay less than $300, and both together to pay over $400.

Wm. S. Major will see by the above wherein his answer is incorrect.

I would like very much to hear from Artemas Martin and others, with regard to their opinions on this question. Yours, &c.,

Ebon Valley, Pa. A. D. YOUNG.